

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—AN INCIDENT OF THE SLEIGHING CARNIVAL—A RUNAWAY ON THE BOULEVARD.
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST FIRE.

HE is no alarmist who calls attention to real danger, nor is he a safe counselor who hides his head from it, like an ostrich in a bush. The agent of one of the large fire insurance companies of New York is quoted as predicting a destructive conflagration here rivaling those of Boston and Chicago. It is neither impossible nor improbable that the prediction may at no distant day be fulfilled.

There is five times as much reason to fear such a calamity here as there was in Chicago. The burned district there was not nearly so thickly crowded with buildings as similar areas of New York are. The Chicago streets were considerably wider than ours. The Chicago buildings were not so high as our business structures generally are, and therefore were more accessible to the efforts of the fire department. There were fewer wooden buildings within the Chicago burned district than there are in any similar area of New York. Finally, and most important of all, the buildings of Chicago had no elevator flues, and they were not stored and packed with old combustible rubbish ready to flash up like tinder.

All that is needed to sweep half of New York City away in a stroke of flame is a combination of favorable conditions, liable to occur at any time in winter—extreme cold water, frozen pipes, a short supply of water, origin of fire in the right quarter and wind in the right direction—the high, dry wind which seems to feed flame like the oxygen of a blow-pipe. Under these circumstances it is considerably more probable that a fierce fire would outrun the efforts of our firemen, and devour three square miles of our business blocks, than it was that such a calamity should occur in Chicago. In that city whole blocks of buildings, that were built entirely of brick and stone and were protected by iron floors, slate roofs and iron blinds, were consumed in the overwhelming volume of flame; and the custom-house, a solid granite pile, standing in a square wholly away from all other buildings, and defended by iron doors and iron blinds, suffered the common fate. A destructive fire in New York is rendered more probable by the height of many of our new blocks, making them comparatively inaccessible, by the multiplication of elevator shafts, and by the general use of steam-heating appliances, making the buildings dry and inflammable. Fires do occur at short intervals to warn us, burning a block or two and dying out or being brought under control; and they ought to suggest to us the imminence of the great conflagration whose hot blast sweeps a square ahead of the flames, fairly sets the air afire, drives away the firemen and burns up their engines. This tempest of fiery fury shrivels the brick, sculpts the granite walls into fantastic forms, melts the glass and iron, and pours the molten river through the cellars. No fireman can delay the progress of such a fire, and the best fire department is helpless before it.

In the presence of such an awful peril that would bankrupt half of New York, we are wise if we take certain precautions in time:

1. Plenty of water should be at all times assured. This is not now the case, though there is three times as much water poured through the city as it needs, if it were economically used. It would be absurd and wicked to spend ten or fifteen million dollars more for new Croton reservoirs, while ninety gallons of water for every man, woman and child are sent into the city every day. What the city needs is the meter system, now in use in Worcester, Providence and other cities, and to compel all (except tenement-houses) to pay for any excess used. If this method were enforced, there would be water enough even for the upper floors of residences.

2. All buildings of over five stories should be compelled to have reservoirs full of water on the roof, and pipes always ready for immediate use.

3. The laws concerning fire-escapes and combustible materials should be rigidly enforced.

4. All buildings condemned as unsafe ought immediately to be vacated by compulsion both for residence and office purposes. The city is full of buildings—there are hundreds of them—which have been officially declared to be longer unfit for human habitation, but they are full of people; most of them are tenement houses, densely populated to-day; some are huge nests of offices; some are manufactories, and hundreds swarm into them every morning. In a few cases they have been ordered vacated, but a compliant judge has suspended the order in the interest of a selfish and heartless greed.

5. The law punishing negligence in the

owner of a building ought to be enforced in one or two instances, just to see how it would seem to put a landlord in jail. Whenever it clearly appears that the owner of a building in which life has been lost by fire has neglected any of the precautions which the law commanded him to take to guarantee the safety of his tenants—has neglected to furnish adequate and conspicuous fire-escapes, for instance—let that man be arraigned for manslaughter and convicted and punished as the law directs. The assumption is quite too prevalent that humanity and avarice will prompt a landlord to do all needful things, in face of the fact that most property-holders prefer to trust to the Lord and luck to save the lives of their tenants rather than to spend \$100 for an accessible fire-escape. One rich and negligent landlord in prison for manslaughter would be a wholesome and most agreeable sight, and it would help to prevent or at least postpone the terrible catastrophe to which New York City seems inevitably doomed if the present condition of things is to continue.

THE NEW NAVY.

IT seems to be settled that the Bill for the reconstruction of our navy, which is now before the House of Representatives, will be stubbornly opposed in certain quarters; but there is certainly a solid argument in its favor in the present wretched condition of this arm of the public service. With the exception of our torpedo service, now incomparably the finest in the world, we could wage neither war of offense nor defense; neither assert the right of American citizenship on any of the great ocean highways of the world; resent the insult of a lilliputian power; nor make a respectable and aggressive chase after a swift and audacious pirate cruiser. It is as much a piece of wanton folly to leave the United States without an adequately armed marine protection as it would be to decree the abolition of the Metropolitan Police, and leave the City of New York a prey to its lawless classes. Such an event would make every man his own policeman, as every American or naturalized citizen abroad must be his own navy, and patriotically and sentimentally wrap himself up in the American flag, when treated in a manner contrary to law and the usage of nations, until he becomes the hero of a war of words waged by Prime Ministers, ending in no practical redress. Such a state of affairs is anything but encouraging to an American traveling in distant parts of the earth, when he witnesses the vigorous and prompt action of the British commander who always has a squadron at his elbow to enforce his demands. Again and again, for instance, have the several Viceroy of Egypt made an attempt to invade the rights of British subjects, as defined by treaty stipulation; but the immediate and significant arrival of a British squadron in the port of Alexandria has produced a wonderfully fraternal feeling towards the sons of Britain the moment the Union Jack was desecrated fluttering over the northern horizon. This kind of persuasion, this armed police of the seas, this sign-manual of nation's brawn and pluck is quite as necessary in times of peace as in times of war; and no President has more clearly and emphatically declared it than President Arthur.

The fact that large appropriations will be necessary to construct and equip the swift cruisers and fleet of steel-clad vessels of offense should not deter Congress from acting in a prompt and patriotic spirit. All sections are concerned in the question. It is as much for the interest of those pouring their products into the water-courses emptying into the Mississippi Valley, and finding their outlet in the Gulf of Mexico and eventually seeking ports in Western Europe, to have a strong naval force always available, as it is for those directly engaged in commerce on the seaboard. Our officers and seamen are the peers of any in the world; the navy, save in very rare instances, has been free from the stain of defalcation or personal dishonor, and as a social institution it has long given stability to our domestic life at home and abroad. Let the recommendations of the President as commander-in-chief of the navy be acted upon in a prompt and intelligent spirit.

THE WHIPPING-POST.

PERHAPS the most curious thing among the signs of the times is the growth of public sentiment in favor of the re-establishment of the whipping-post as a mode of punishment for criminals. That there is a decided drift of popular feeling in this direction cannot be doubted.

More than one Legislature is seriously considering the question of reviving the lash. "Jersey justice" has long been famous, yet many good Jersey men doubt whether the present laws of that commonwealth punish certain crimes with proper severity. The Grand Jury of Essex County, which includes the City of Newark, some time since made a presentation in favor of

legislation restoring the whipping-post as a means of punishing wife-beating; and such a Bill was introduced last month in the New Jersey House by the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, reported favorably by the committee, and so strongly advocated that it appears not unlikely to pass, provided the Attorney-General, to whom its constitutionality has been referred, does not decide against it. A similar Bill was introduced in the Maryland Legislature by a Baltimore member, and will be strongly pushed. A Bill to punish petty larceny, as well as wife-beating, with the lash, has been much discussed in the Kentucky Legislature, and was finally defeated in the lower branch by only a meagre majority.

In taking such a stand legislators only reflect a strong sentiment among their constituents. The introduction of Bills to establish the whipping-post is not so remarkable as their favorable reception by a large element of the press. A few years ago scarcely a respectable paper would have been found in the whole North to excuse such a proposition, much less to favor it. Now journals of standing in almost every State admit a growing readiness to see the experiment tried, while not a few openly advocate it. To mention only two or three illustrations, the chief Republican paper of Maryland strongly urges the passage of the pending Bill as providing "the only penalty that ever will effectually deter ruffians" from wife-beating; a prominent journal in Western New York declares that "it would be a good thing if a similar Bill were laid before the Legislature of every State in the Union"; while a paper in Boston, which has always prided itself upon voicing the humanitarian sentiment of the Hub, pronounces the new movement "in harmony with the most advanced elements of modern civilization, for the return to the whipping-post of our forefathers is advocated by many enlightened reformers and philanthropists as the best means for the correction of minor offenses."

The alarming growth of the practice of wife-beating is largely responsible for this change in public sentiment. A Jersey City police justice is quoted as saying that one wife-beater a day on the average is arraigned in his court, and there is not a city in the country but shows every year an increasing prevalence of this most revolting crime. The penalties commonly imposed are not adequate to the offense, and fail to check the growth of the practice. Ordinarily, the brute is only sent to jail for a season, where he has comfortable quarters, good fare, and, in many cases, nothing to do. The disgrace of imprisonment is not likely to weigh heavily upon a man sunk so low as to beat his wife, while the irksomeness of confinement is largely atoned for by the comparative ease of his life in jail. Indeed, so far has imprisonment lost its traditional horrors that there is coming to be a not inconsiderable class of shiftless criminals who deliberately commit petty offenses in order to secure shelter and support in a public institution during seasons when a hand-to-mouth existence by their own efforts is disagreeable.

It is not very likely that the country, as a whole, will go back to the whipping-post in this closing quarter of the nineteenth century, though it is not impossible that Delaware and Virginia may find some of their sister States keeping them company before long as wielders of the correctional lash. But the current revival of sentiment in favor of a mode of punishment which our forefathers practiced, and our fathers abolished as too brutal, is significant of a growing feeling that the pendulum has swung too far in the other direction. An enlightened public will not sanction cruelty to the criminal on the one hand, nor will it sustain his pampering on the other hand. The first thing to do for the wife-beater is to see if punishment of the humane order cannot be made so disagreeable as to deter him; when a fair trial has proved that impossible, it will be time enough to talk about applying the lash.

LEGISLATIVE DEADLOCKS.

WITHIN the last few years legislative deadlocks have been of very frequent occurrence. Since the two which were last year largely instrumental in inflicting such a heavy blow on the country, the very word has an extremely unpleasant sound. For several weeks, from the 4th of March, 1881, the United States Senate squabbled over two petty offices of that august body. No sooner was the trouble ended at Washington than it was transferred to the Albany Legislature, which quarreled over the election of a couple of United States Senators until their disgraceful proceedings were stopped by the assassination of President Garfield. And only recently there has been another deadlock at Albany, as there is now one at Richmond.

The invariable excuse advanced by legislators in extenuation of these deadlocks is that vital principle—the safety of free government itself—is involved in their issue. The real truth in the premises is so well stereotyped as scarcely to need mentioning—a deadlock means only a scrimmage

over the spoils. The "outs" always want to get in, and the "ins" don't want to be put out. That's all.

Beyond doubt, under every form of government parties must ever exist. Parties are especially indispensable elements in the existence of a republic; but it is also true that "party spirit" is liable to be very intense at times, and to run to dangerous extremes. The latter may be said to constitute in republics "the defects of their qualities," as the French phrase has it.

Now, legislative deadlocks are extremes, which, if not dangerous, are highly detrimental to the even tenor of the public service. They are evils which might well be dispensed with. Let parties quarrel as much as they please outside of the halls of legislation; but let them there attend strictly to work and eschew politics. This must sooner or later become the practical, as it ever has been the ideal, reason for the existence of every legislative body. In an age when the spirit of compromise is becoming more and more conspicuous in all the relations between men in private life, there is no reason why legislators alone should resolve themselves into caucuses, so crammed with spite, vanity and all uncharitableness, as to remain idle for long months, while the public business is left, for aught they care, to go to the dogs.

Such a state of things as that which existed at Albany during a period of five weeks is scarcely less disgraceful than was the squabble last Summer. It is time that public opinion should be invoked for the discouragement of legislative deadlocks—at any rate, as a feature of our political life.

OUR TRADE WITH CHILI AND PERU.

WE have already discussed the political questions involved in the now famous diplomatic imbroglio with Chili, growing out of the latter's demand for indemnity from Peru. It is also of interest to glance at our commercial relations with the two South American republics.

As to Chili, most of her trade is with Great Britain and France; and Germany, the United States and Peru follow in the order named. We have always protected our copper mines from imports from Chili, and the immense production of that country—its main staple—has accordingly had to find a market in Europe. The exports of copper from Chili, however, have decreased materially within a few years, while our production has doubled within a decade; and, so far from needing protection any longer, we actually exported 7,000,000 pounds last year to France and England. Chili produces only 40,000 tons a year now against about 50,000 in 1876, and last year there was a deficit in the English supply of at least 10,000 tons, which had to be made up in part by purchases here. Our main source of supply is the Lake Superior region, where there are some of the richest mines in the world. Then we have mines in North Carolina, Vermont, Arizona, Montana and other sections, and the Western mines are evidently very rich. We have a duty of four and five cents per pound on ingot copper according to the quality, and forty-five per cent. *ad valorem* on manufactured copper. Some of the merchants here think the latter duty might safely be reduced to twenty-five per cent., and, as intimated, that no duty whatever on ingot copper is now required. Copper is coming into more general use; it is a valuable, perhaps indispensable, adjunct in scientific investigations, and notably in electric lighting, the wires used being of copper.

Chili also exports silver ore and wool, most of which goes to England. Our field in Chili is in cotton and woolen manufactures and wrought-iron, but this is occupied by England who, paying Chili about \$20,000,000 per annum, is nevertheless only able to sell her on an average about one fourth of that sum.

The foreign trade of Peru is mainly with England, but consists also largely of exports to the United States. Her exports are chiefly guano, nitrate of soda, wool, sugar, silver and chinchona. As to Peruvian guano, its consumption is steadily decreasing in this country. The consumption in the United States, formerly 30,000 tons a year, is now not over 20,000 tons. One reason why our farmers are using less of it is because it is too costly; another, because it is too much of a stimulant, so to speak, for the soil. The irregularity of the quality is a serious drawback. The supply is still enormous, and it is interesting to notice that the consignments to foreign countries are made by Sir Anthony Gibbs, who is allowed by the Chilian Government to export the fertilizer to a certain amount for account of the holders of Peruvian bonds, which are in default some two hundred million dollars. The agricultural press and intelligent merchants, assisted by a number of prominent chemists, and also by what are called "agricultural stations" in Connecticut and New Jersey—where careful experiments have been made—have so educated American farmers on the subject of fertilizers that they are better informed on the subject than those of any

other country in the world. Compositions of different chemicals are now generally used at much less cost and with more satisfactory results.

But an important feature of our trade with Peru is nitrate of soda, obtained from the province of Tarapaca, which Mr. Blaine estimates to be worth thirty or forty millions a year. Last year the consumption here was approximately 110,000,000 pounds, though England used 560,000,000 pounds. It is used here in the manufacture of acids, saltpetre, iodine, fertilizers and gunpowder. There has been at times some disposition to conceal the fact that some, if not all, of our manufacturers of powder use this chemical which science has declared to be unfit for the purpose. The reason for its use is that it costs less by one-half than saltpetre. Peru imports cotton manufactures, ironware, cutlery, woolen goods and machinery. These she buys mostly from England, who pays her the largest sum annually for her products.

But the one pregnant fact in regard to this whole subject that appears to be utterly ignored by those who are loudly inquiring why we do not encourage traffic with such countries as Peru, is the fact that we admit her three principal products—guano, nitrate and Peruvian bark—absolutely free of duty. The same is true also of Brazil—another subject for mistaken criticism by writers ignorant of our tariff code; we admit Brazil's coffee and hides without duty. It only needs more enterprise, more energy, in order to secure a large share of the South American trade, and our merchants alone will be to blame if a decided change in this respect is not brought about before many years elapse.

OUR MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

IN looking over the field of music in the New York of to-day, and comparing it with that of a generation ago, one is struck with the vast improvement both in musical appreciation and musical execution. To-day we have two grand, and permanent organizations for the interpretation of instrumental music of the highest class—the Philharmonic Society, led by Mr. Theodore Thomas, and the Symphony Society, under the baton of Dr. Damrosch. Each of these gentlemen, too, has his organization for choral music—Mr. Thomas, the new "New York Chorus Society," with its six hundred voices, and Dr. Damrosch, the Oratorio Society, with numbers approaching five hundred. A generation ago the Philharmonic Society was indeed in existence, but its life was one of struggle, and it was only kept afloat from the fact that the performers themselves were the Society and carried it on, not for the purpose of making money, but for educating the people in high-class music. The old New York Harmonic Society for years led a lingering life, and at last succumbed to fate.

The recent concert of the New York Chorus Society showed that this new organization is bound to be an important addition to our musical forces, while the Oratorio Society moves on with dignity and grandeur, gathering new life and enthusiasm with increasing years. The Philharmonic Society has passed its stage of half-dead-and-alive existence, and is a power in the musical world, while its younger rival, the Symphony Society, is already firmly established in the regard of its patrons. With these four organizations, the entire musical field is covered, and there is nothing in the literature of music that one or other of them dare not attempt.

The May Festival, which is to be under the leadership of Mr. Thomas, will bring us a total number of singers of over 3,000. In addition to the New York Chorus Society and the Brooklyn Philharmonic Chorus, the choral force will include the famous Boston Handel and Haydn Society, the Cecilia Society of Philadelphia, the Baltimore Oratorio Society and the Worcester Festival Association. The orchestra will number 300 performers, and Mr. H. L. Roosevelt is building a grand organ, which will be played by Mr. Dudley Buck.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Queen's Speech, read at the opening of the British Parliament, on the 7th instant, gives a pleasing picture of the foreign relations of the Government, while as to domestic questions it is scarcely less buoyant and hopeful. The condition of Ireland is declared to be improved, and it is believed that persistence in the present policy will result finally in the complete pacification of the country. The address promises that internal reforms will be vigorously prosecuted. Bills will be introduced to establish home rule in county government, and to reform the Constitution of the Corporation of London so as to make the city a self-governing municipality instead of a sort of principality, independent and complete in itself; and measures will also be proposed in reference to bankruptcy, the repression of corrupt practices at elections, the criminal code and the consolidation and amendment of the laws affecting patents. It is possible also that Bills will be presented in relation to the law of entail and of educational endowment in Scotland and to improve the means of education in Wales. This is certainly an extensive and liberal programme, and it may seriously be doubted whether Mr. Gladstone will be able to carry it out even as to its more conspicuous features. The only important incidents connected with the Parliamentary opening were the refusal of the House of Commons to permit Mr. Bradlaugh to take the oath, the rejection of a motion to refer the subject of the arrest of certain Irish members of the

House to a special committee, and the presentation of the new rules of Parliamentary procedure. These rules are somewhat extraordinary, and will certainly provoke a violent opposition. That for the enforcement of the *cloture* will enable the Premier to silence the minority at will, and pass almost any measure without as much as a protest from the opposition. Mr. Gladstone may be depended upon not to abuse this arbitrary power, but future Premiers may be less scrupulous in respecting the rights of the minority. Other rules greatly increase the power of the Speaker, and provide for expediting business by abridging the privileges of debate and amendment. In the debate on the Address in reply to the Queen's Speech, Sir Stafford Northcote, in the Commons, and the Marquis of Salisbury, in the Lords, attacked the Government policy as to Ireland and Egypt, the former provoking an eloquent reply from Mr. Gladstone, in which he upheld the impartiality of the Commissioners under the Land Act, and said the average of the rent reductions so far was twenty-three per cent.

Egypt well deserves the description which the Duke of Wellington once gave of Ireland—"That enigma of a country." The present Khédive is little better than a nominal ruler, although surrounded with the pomp and circumstance so pleasing to the Oriental mind. Much is made of the grandees, or Nobles, who have just been given the right to vote the Budget, and are consulted as to public affairs; but the administration of the country is really carried on by the Comptrollers-General of France and England, under a decree of the Khédive himself, issued in November, 1879. By a further decree of April, 1880, an International Commission of Liquidation, composed of seven members, was appointed to examine into the whole financial situation of Egypt, and draft a law of liquidation regulating the relations between Egypt and her creditors. This new Committee of Inquiry is empowered to act in concert with the French and English Comptrollers-General, and watch the execution of the decisions arrived at in their report. The preamble of this decree states that the several great European Powers had declared their acceptance of this law of liquidation. From all this, it is evident that the nation is in bankruptcy, and under the direction of assignees whose chief duty is to satisfy the national creditors. In such a condition of affairs it is not to be expected that the Khédive, who is placed on an allowance of £250,000 a year, and the taxpayers who are compelled to pay for the outrageous extravagance of Ismael, the ex-Khédive, are in a happy and contented frame of mind. However, if M. Freycinet does not repudiate the engagements with respect to Egypt, entered into by Gambetta with England, and apparently approved of by the other Powers, the liquidation of Egypt may be satisfactorily carried out in our own time, and something like self-government secured to the people.

The collapse of the Union Générale of Paris has been followed by legal proceedings against eight of the directors. The Bourse has been greatly depressed. The Serbian Government has lost eighteen million francs by the suspension.—The Balkan uprising still defies the Austrian authority. Montenegro has been asked to aid in its suppression.—The introduction of the Ecclesiastical Bill in the German Landtag was accompanied by an official statement that while the Government was anxious to come to terms with the Vatican, it would not forego what it had gained. The Bill is not likely to be adopted. Herr Windthorst urged the repeal of the May Laws, and declared that the Catholics would submit unhesitatingly to any agreement entered into by the Government with the Vatican.—The correspondence of Lord Granville with Minister West in reference to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, as published in London, strongly combats Mr. Blaine's argument as to the neutrality of the Panama Canal. Lord Granville, however, graciously invites the United States to take the initiative in calling a conference of the maritime Powers on the basis of the stipulations of the convention of 1850.

It is estimated, on the basis of official valuation, that the value of the real estate in this city, aside from that owned by the municipality, is not less than two billions of dollars. That owned by the city is said to be worth about \$150,000,000. The church property, this year, exempted from taxation, amounts to \$55,000,000. The miscellaneous property exempted, such as colleges, schools and libraries, is estimated at \$50,000,000; and the property of the United States, also exempted, is estimated at \$15,000,000.

An Anti-Polygamy Bill slipped through the House of Representatives one day last week so quickly and quietly that many of the members were not aware what had been done. The Bill provides that no person guilty of bigamy or polygamy shall be eligible to the office of Delegate in the House of Representatives from a Territory, and should it pass the Senate, it would vacate the seat of Mr. Cannon, the Utah Delegate, who is an avowed polygamist, and whose case is still under consideration by the Election Committee. A number of Representatives who had primed themselves with speeches which they proposed to fire off in connection with the consideration of this Bill were sorely disappointed when they learned that they had missed their opportunity; but perhaps the public interests will not suffer from this deprivation.

The growth of the iron industry, during the last ten years, has been remarkable. According to the statistics of the census, our production of iron increased from 3,655,215 tons in 1870, to 7,265,140 tons in 1880, while the number of hands employed was 140,978 at

the latter date, as against 77,555 at the former. In all, thirty States, one Territory and the District of Columbia are interested in the production of iron—Pennsylvania leading the list, with Ohio second, New York third, Illinois fourth, and the little State of New Jersey fifth. In South Carolina the manufacture of iron has entirely ceased. The annual production of Pennsylvania is stated at 3,616,668 tons. Less than fifty years ago there was scarcely a blast furnace in the country that could make four tons of pig-iron in a day; last year there was at least one that made 224 tons in a day.

WHAT is "a respectable number"? This question, which has agitated certain judicial circles in Philadelphia for some time past, has just been decided. A gentleman in his will directed that in case, within five years after his death, "a respectable number" of persons could be found to form the nucleus of a Presbyterian congregation in a certain locality, the executors should set apart ground, put up a church and convey the same to the trustees of the General Assembly for the congregation, and to deposit five thousand dollars in trust to pay in part the salary of a pastor. Eighteen persons, who had started a church, made the claim about three years ago, but the executors resisted on the ground that eighteen did not constitute "a respectable number." The lower court decided in favor of the applicants, and on their appealing the case the Supreme Court confirmed this decision, so that it may be considered as legally determined that eighteen is "a respectable number." But whether this is the minimum of "respectability" is yet an open question.

At a recent prize-fight the roughs and street scrapings behaved in some sort like gentlemen; at a recent lecture on art, the scholars—save the mark!—of a University—save the mark!—behaved like blackguards. These cads of Rochester, following the lead of the cads of Harvard, not content with beastly bellowings and other manifestations peculiar to the usual form of blackguardism, had the insolence to send a negro, attired in æsthetic costume, to sit opposite the scholar, poet and gentleman, who came to deliver a lecture, of which, in good sooth it may be said, these low-bred, ignorant ruffians could not understand one word. This manifestation of ill-breeding and caddishness could not possibly injure Mr. Oscar Wilde; it could not take from him his university gold medal, wrested from some of the master classicists of the age; it could not rob him of his fame as the writer of "Ave Imperatrix"; but it could and it did give him a very deplorable insight into the vulgarity and gutter-breeding of the youngsters who represented the so-styled university. The sooner the superiors of the educational establishments at Boston and Rochester offer a premium for gentlemanly behavior the better; but, after the recent exhibitions, it is to be feared that the competitors would be few, while the difficulty of awarding the premium would be stupendous.

THERE is a growing sentiment of opposition among business men to the Bill recently introduced into Congress, proposing to prohibit the immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States for a term of twenty-five years. It is argued that the immediate effect of such a measure will be to renew and deepen the popular prejudice against Americans in China, thus increasing the difficulties and delaying the development of our trade in that quarter. The time for proposing this proscriptive policy, it is further said, is peculiarly inopportune, since English enterprise and English policy are just now especially directed to the conciliation of the Chinese Government and commercial classes. Apart from this, if foreign labor is to be excluded, we should at least be impartial. Thousands and tens of thousands of "cheap" laborers are pouring in upon us every day through Castle Garden from Europe, and as long as they are in the market it will accomplish but little for domestic industry to shut out the few Chinamen who drift to our shores. It is to be hoped that the opposition which is developing to this Bill will prove sufficiently strong to secure its speedy defeat, and that the vote rejecting it—we cannot believe its passage to be possible—will be sufficiently overwhelming to put an effectual end to all attempts of small demagogues to make political capital out of this particular subject.

The managers of the "Peruvian Company," which has come into such prominence in connection with our South American diplomacy, seem to have been very anxious to secure the co-operation of representative American capitalists in their grand and majestic scheme. There is no doubt that they caught a good many men of means by their honeyed expedients, but there were many other cases in which their gilded bait was decisively spurned. Among those who refused to be caught was ex-Governor Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, who was approached with an offer of stock and an intimation that he might be president of the company. The ex-Governor did not regard the proposition as particularly tempting, and declined to invest, but, with something of the patriotism shown by Artemus Ward when he gave his consent to the participation of all "his wife's relations" in the war for suppressing the rebellion, he very kindly added: "If you desire the names of the wealthy people of Hartford, I will give you a list with pleasure." We are not informed whether the Peruvian Company availed itself of Governor Jewell's generous offer, but it is at least certain that his own name does not embellish its list of stockholders, and if close inquiry were made it would, perhaps, be found that many others who are quoted as backers of the scheme have never given it any more encouragement than the astute capitalist and politician of Connecticut.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

SENOR ROMERO has finally accepted the Mexican mission to Washington.

THE resignation of Ward Hunt as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court has been accepted by the President.

THE Boston Fire Commissioners have ordered rope fire-escapes to be placed on all workshops and manufactories.

A BILL has been introduced in the New Jersey Legislature for the establishment of a State Reformatory at a cost of \$500,000.

TESTIMONY concerning the recent disastrous fire in Park Row, this city, tends to show that it was caused by a defective flue.

SECRETARY FOLGER is clearing the Treasury Department of the political "bummers" who have been discredited by recent investigations.

THE Virginia Senate has passed to its engrossment the Bill repealing two sections of the criminal code prescribing punishment by stripes. The vote was 23 to 9.

THE new five-cent Garfield postage-stamp will be ready for issue on March 1st. Dark-brown has been selected as the color best calculated to bring out the engraving.

A CONSTITUTIONAL amendment prohibiting the manufacture or sale of liquor has been introduced in the United States Senate. In the House a Bill to establish postal savings banks has been reported.

THERE were 159 failures reported in the United States during the past week, a decrease of thirty-five as compared with the preceding week, and an increase of nine over the corresponding week of last year.

THE new Apportionment Bill was fiercely assailed in the House last week, and its final success is now thought to be doubtful. In the Senate the Arrears of Pensions Law was discussed, the speeches being mainly against its repeal.

TROUBLE exists in a Tennessee college devoted to the education of whites and blacks alike. The refusal to admit a colored student to membership in a literary society has led to the expulsion of twenty-three collegians, while about fifty others have voluntarily left for their homes.

AN important decision was rendered last week by Judge Blatchford, in which the Act of May 31st, 1881, imposing the immigrant head tax, is declared to be unconstitutional, being a direct interference with the exclusive power of Congress to regulate commerce with foreign nations.

AT Albany a deadlock again prevails in both Houses, the Tammany members refusing to vote for the Democratic nominees for the minor Assembly offices on the ground that an alleged bargain made to insure the election of Speaker Patterson is not being observed by the County Democracy.

IT is thought that the present session of Congress will not end before the latter part of July. In the House about forty-two hundred Bills have already been introduced. This does not include many Bills, such as those for the improvement of rivers and harbors, which go in under the rules.

THE crop reports from the Western and South-western States are encouraging. In some few cases seeding has been undertaken, favored by the phenomenally mild weather and absence of snow throughout Minnesota and Dakota. The wheat and corn acreage will be much larger this year than last.

MR. CANNON, of Utah, was given a hearing last week, by the House Judiciary Committee, in support of his claim to the seat as Delegate from that Territory. He defended all the indecencies of the polygamous creed, and said that he believed the principles of the Mormon Church would eventually spread over the whole world.

THERE have been heavy floods in Texas and heavy snowstorms in the Canadian Dominion, where, last week, railroad travel was for a time suspended. The snowfall in New Hampshire this winter has been seventy inches, and the amount which fell during the first ten days of the month was greater than in the whole month of February for the last twenty years.

A. M. SOTELLO, a Washington newspaper correspondent, was shot and mortally wounded on the night of the 9th inst., in the office of the *National Republican* which he had visited to procure the publication of a statement in reply to certain charges made against him. Whether he was shot by the *Republican* editor in charge of the office, or accidentally by his own brother who accompanied him, is yet to be decided.

THE diplomatic correspondence between this Government and that of Mexico in relation to the settlement of the boundary between Mexico and Guatemala shows simply that the President desired to promote the establishment of friendly relations between the two republics. Mexico, it was argued, ought not to extend her territory by force at the expense of her weaker neighbors. The Mexican Government replied that neither force nor conquest was the foundation of the claims of Mexico to the disputed territory.

Foreign.

THE island of Ceylon is suffering greatly from the coffee blight. The crop is worth only £2,500,000, against an estimated value of £6,000,000.

IT is reported from Jerusalem that a band of sixty Chaldeans have desecrated the holy graves and destroyed the Armenian altar and images of the saints.

THE Vatican will be consulted by the Carlist leaders with regard to the proposed pilgrimage to Rome. It is said the Papal Nuncio will be recalled from Madrid and the Spanish Minister from the Vatican.

THE difficulty between Guatemala and France, arising from an assault on an *attaché* of the French Legation, has been compromised in Paris. Guatemala is to give satisfaction. The orders for a French frigate to proceed to Guatemala have been countermanded.

THREE hundred Jewish refugees from Russia sailed from Liverpool for the United States on Saturday last. The Chief Rabbi in London says enormous sums will be required for relief purposes. The Lord Mayor Jewish Relief Fund amounts to £43,000. Grants are being made to refugees en route for the United States.

MR. GLADSTONE hopes to deal with the English land system and the extension of the borough franchise to counties this session. Mr. Gladstone's speech in the debate on the address, to the effect that Home Rule is impracticable so long as the Irish members cannot define where Irish local affairs would begin and Imperial affairs end, has created a sensation, the Tory papers accusing him of encouraging the Home Rulers.

A PARLIAMENTARY report shows that 811 outrages were reported to the Irish police in January, of which 479 were agrarian, being an increase of 31 over January, 1881. Another return shows that there were 17,341 persons evicted in Ireland in 1881, of whom 10,062 were readmitted as tenants and caretakers. There were granted 1,724 ejectment decrees for the non-payment of rent, representing arrears of rent amounting to £41,000.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 447.



CARDINAL HOWARD, OF ENGLAND.



TUNIS.—RUINS AT HYDRA, ON THE ROAD TO KAIROUAN.



LEADER OF THE HERZEGOVINIAN UPRISING.



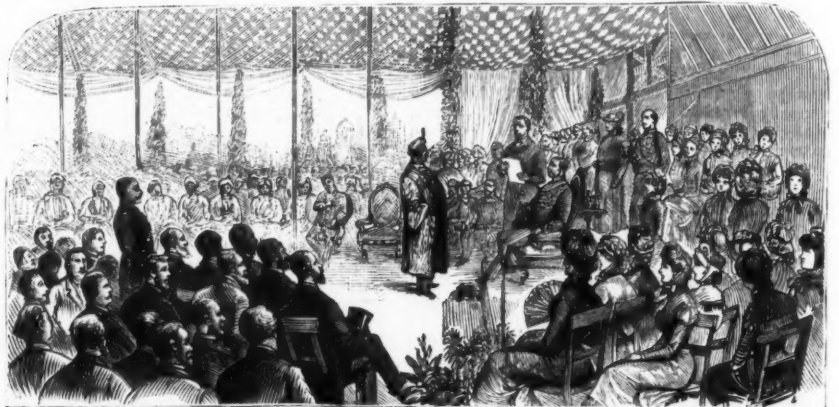
RUSSIA.—CATHEDRAL OF THE IPATIEFF CONVENT, AT KOSTROMA.



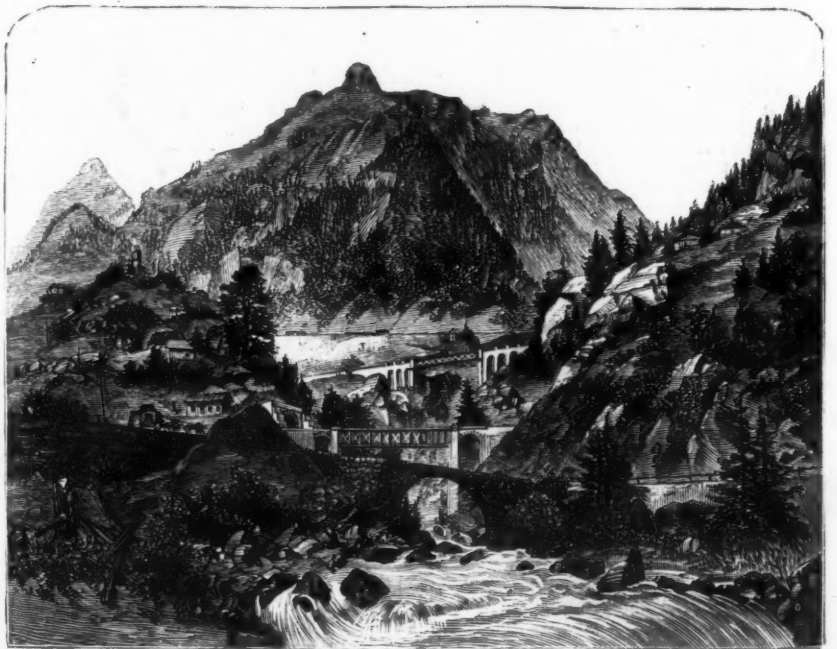
ENGLAND.—OLD CLOTHES EXCHANGE, HOUNSDITCH, LONDON.



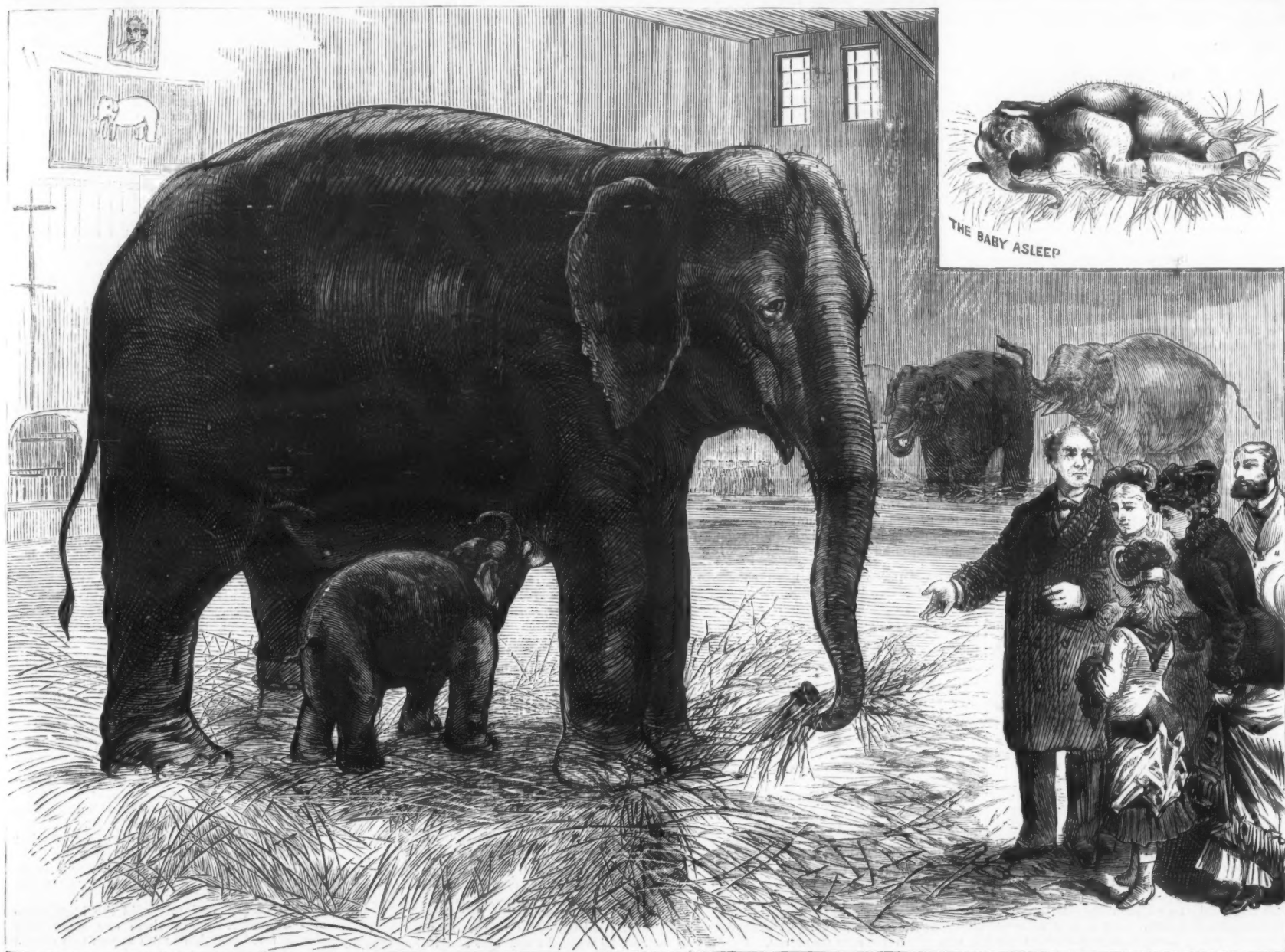
ITALY.—DRAWING-DAY IN A LOTTERY AT ROME.



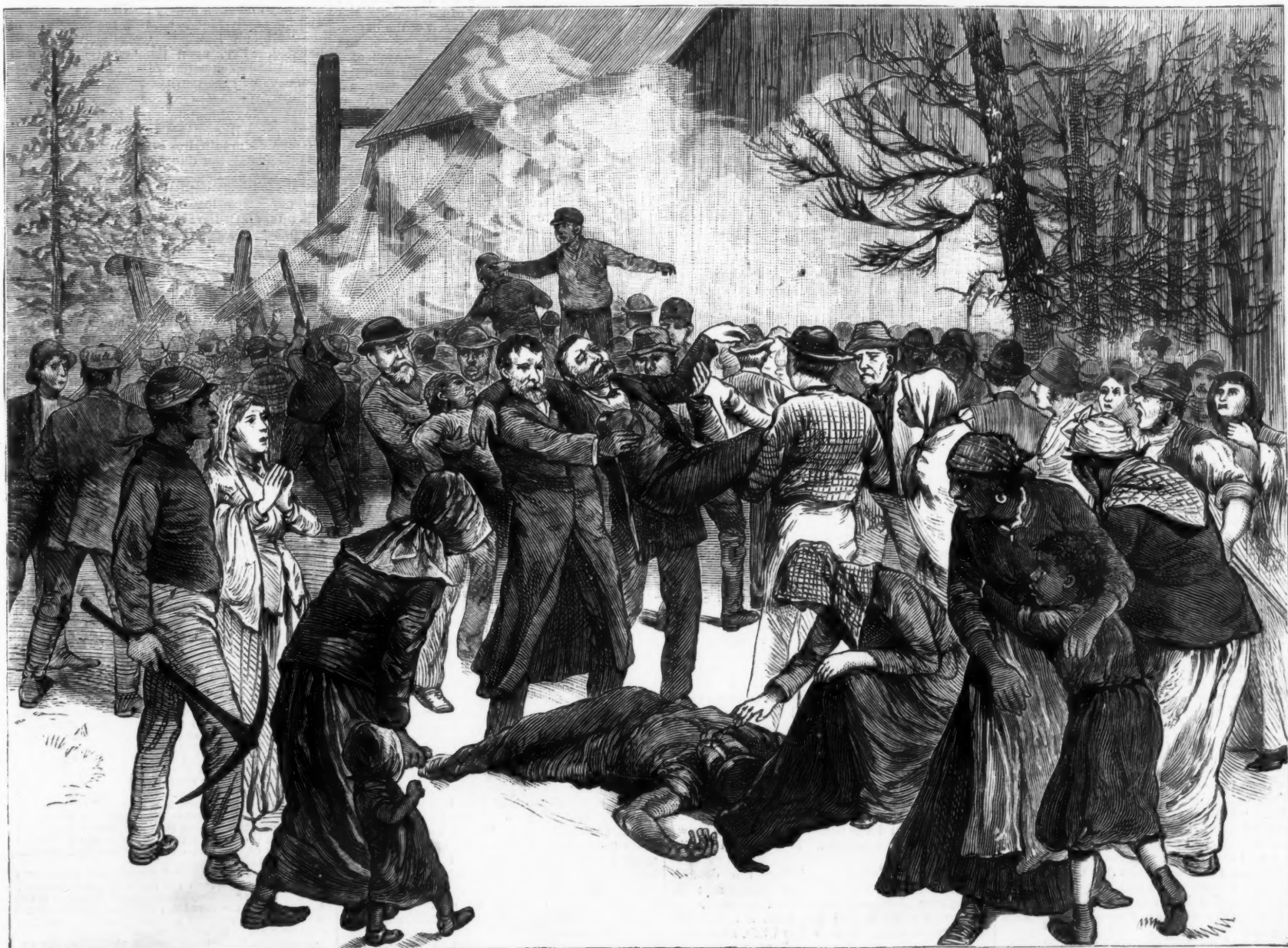
INDIA.—INSTALLATION OF THE MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN, BENGAL.



SWITZERLAND.—VIADUCT AT THE END OF THE ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.



CONNECTICUT.—P. T. BARNUM'S "HEBE" AND HER "BRIDGEPORT," THE SECOND ELEPHANT BORN IN CAPTIVITY, AT BRIDGEPORT.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 447.



VIRGINIA.—THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT THE MIDLOTHIAN COAL MINE, FEBRUARY 3D—CARRYING FROM THE SHAFT-CAGE A RESCUE PARTY OVERCOME BY GAS.
FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. BURROUGHS.—SEE PAGE 446.

THE DEACON'S STRIKE.

BY FRANCIS OAKLEAF.

THE deacon had struck something at last. And, though the secluded gulch had been miles away from the nearest post—though the deacon was never known to have other company than his ragged, gray little burro—the news had spread. The wind, ruffling the green plumes of the spruce above the deacon's head as he bent over the glittering quartz laid bare by his pick, may have whispered it abroad; or the crested jay, furtively watching him with keen, round eyes from the spruce's topmost boughs, may have borne it afar. At any rate, the deacon's strike was a secret no longer.

Singly, and by twos and threes, the prospectors came, and, following in their footsteps, came the boom. Then, as if by magic, there arose Mountain City—a city of dug-outs and canvas tents, straggling up and down the narrow gulch and terminating in a nucleus of a few rudely-built log houses at its head.

The deacon, whose original discovery had called into existence this city of a day, was in no wise elated at his success, nor, after the fashion of the wayward prospector, given to conviviality thereat. He altered not a tittle of his ways, but, silent and self-contained as ever, pursued his daily task of opening the lead with the same patient endeavor with which he might have followed the plow over the rugged hills of his native New England State.

Regarding the deacon in some sense as its sponsor, the camp had not been unkindly disposed towards the morose old man. It had made many friendly and sociable efforts at affiliation, but, being invariably repulsed, had desisted, as it became tacitly understood its life and his held little in common.

For it was evident the deacon regarded with disfavor the recreations of the lively camp. The enticing strains issuing from the dance-house stirred not his sluggish pulse. He carefully avoided the velvet stroke of the "tiger's" paw and held himself aloof from the allurements of the "Miner's Retreat," where nightly a coterie of choice spirits met for a genial game of "freeze-out," and a sociable discussion of the affairs of the camp.

Naturally the deacon's self-elected isolation drew upon him many comments. Many were the wild and improbable conjectures as to his history, but as of this no man knew one iota, it continued to be wrapped in mystery as inscrutable as the deacon's hard-favored face.

A little thrill of excitement ran through the camp, therefore, when it was rumored the deacon had sold the "Green Mountain Boy" for a mere nominal sum. Nor was it allayed when one morning the deacon packed his little tent upon the gray burro and took his departure from their midst.

Away from the haunts of man, in the solitude of the hills, the deacon seemed in a more congenial element. His tent was finally pitched near the summit of the range on a rugged mountain side, scarred and furrowed by the hand of Time, like the deacon's own harsh countenance. And here daily from sun to sun he prosecuted, in his slow determined way, his search for the hidden silver vein beneath.

Seated near his camp fire one evening, he was quietly resting after the labors of the day, distributing, as was his custom, bits of bread and bacon to the gray burro. Suddenly the burro pricked his long ears, and the deacon glancing around saw a man approaching slowly from below. As he drew near he recognized, with anything but pleasure, a young man who had been the liveliest of the lively camp. His dress, different from that of the ordinary miner, was stained and torn, and his face, haggard and sunken, was turned upon the deacon with eager expectancy.

"I am famishing," he exclaimed, abruptly, dispensing with any salutation. "Will you give me something to eat?"

For reply the deacon silently motioned to the viands still beside the smoldering fire. The other waited for no more, but set to at once. And as the deacon noticed his tremulous hand and the avidity with which he ate, something like compassion crept over his hard features.

"From the camp?" he asked, at length, as the other had somewhat satisfied his hunger.

"Yes. I left three days ago. I have eaten nothing since till now. My departure was rather sudden, as you can judge," he added, with a forced laugh.

The deacon glanced at him inquiringly. The other avoided his gaze and fixed his eyes in a sullen stare upon the fire. After a pause he continued abruptly, in a tone of assumed levity:

"I was invited to leave for the good of the community by the Vigilance Committee."

"Ah!" exclaimed the deacon, with a grim look.

"Yes," the other continued, never once taking his eyes from the fire, and speaking as though the words were drawn from him forcibly. "I might tell you that it was a case of mistaken identity and all that—but I won't. I've got a bad name in the camp, and I don't say but what I deserve it. My partner was strung for stopping the coach, but they couldn't prove it on me, so they only told me to skip."

"They couldn't prove it," said the deacon, shortly. "But did you—?"

"No, I did not!" the other broke in fiercely. "I have been bad enough, but not so bad as that. I told them so, but they wouldn't believe it. I tell you the same, and I don't expect you to, either. I have eaten and rested, and now I'll go," he added, in a weary tone as he arose, trembling partly with excitement, partly with exhaustion.

"Go?" said the deacon: "where to?"

"I don't know and I don't care." And the utter hopelessness of his voice went to the deacon's heart.

"Sit down," said he, quietly, "and let me think."

The other fell back into his place by the fire and fixed his gaze once more upon it. For a time neither spoke, as the deacon absently continued to feed bits of broken bread to the burro.

"Deacon," the young man said at length, "I don't expect any leniency from you. And yet it was kind of you to let me sit here and eat, and I wish you would believe me innocent of this last."

"Why should I not?" the deacon replied, as much in self-communion as in answer to the other. Then, in his usual harsh manner, he added, "Perhaps you now see, young man, the folly of the life you led over there," and nodded his head towards the camp.

"Don't moralize, deacon—not to me, at least. It is too late for that now," the other sullenly replied.

"Too late! It is never too late!" said the deacon, with energy.

"It's all very well for you to talk that way, deacon," said the other, despondently; "but, then, you don't know how hard it is for one to get up after he's been down."

"No!" said the deacon, in a curiously interrogatory tone.

"No," the other replied, growing warmer as he spoke; "and, then, you don't know what temptations such as myself have either, and you've never had to go through what I have—thrown out to shift for myself, for my mother died when I was a child, and my father—"

"Your father?" said the deacon, inquiringly, as the other stopped abruptly.

"Do not speak of him!" he said, vehemently, as he arose and walked to and fro. "It's little enough I have to thank him for. 'Like father, like son!' that's what I have to remember him by, for I've heard nothing else about him since I can remember. He was bad enough, I suppose. I never saw him, and I don't know; maybe, after all, he wasn't as bad as I was told," he added, in a softer tone.

The deacon followed his nervous movements with a curious gaze, not a little surprised at his vehemence.

"I'm not one to judge you too severely, young man," said he, as the other resumed himself. "What's your name?"

"Amos Sethwell," the other replied, and, raising his eyes, saw the deacon's fixed upon him attentively. And it may have been mere fancy on his part, but as the fitful camp-fire flared up brightly for a moment, he thought a curious spasm contracted the rigid line of the deacon's mouth. It was only for an instant, for the deacon quickly averted his eyes and turned them upon the peaks above gleaming softly in the light of the rising moon.

A long silence ensued. The young man gazed despondently in the fire, the deacon absently at the gleaming peaks—so absently that it was plain he saw them not. Far beyond their snowy domes his thoughts had wandered back to his native town, and a party of wild young men. And, though it had been long ago, it seemed but yesterday as he saw them disperse and followed the footsteps of one returning home—followed him as he entered the empty house, and saw him take up a little note lying open on the table which told him that his wife, driven to despair by his dissolute ways, had left his home for ever, and that henceforth their ways lay separate, for never did she wish his unborn child brought under his evil influence.

Perhaps it had needed some shock, sharp and sudden like this, to check the downward course of his life and rouse his better instincts. He was not one, however, to steer a middle course—he must be one thing or the other—and, as he shook the dust of his native place from his feet, so also he cast away the shackles of his ill-spent life, and became instead a cold, silent man, shut up in his shell of stern self-reliance. And so he had remained through many a weary year of wandering to and fro, until he was now a lonely and morose old man.

Perhaps the sight of this younger man, already started on the downward path, where he had been before; perhaps his desponding words and the sullen despair written in his face, or perhaps something more than all these stirred the well of loving kindness hidden so deep in the deacon's rugged breast that no sign of it ever reached his impassable face. For, when he at length spoke, it was in a tone very different from his usual harsh one.

"Amos, go into the tent and lie down on my blankets. I will join you presently."

"Deacon," said the other, slowly, as he arose, "I didn't expect any such kindness from you, of all men. I—I thank you—and, breaking off, he hurried into the tent.

Long after the camp-fire had burnt to ashes, the deacon still sat beside it, with his head in his hands and his eyes fixed on nothing. The gray burro once or twice nibbled softly at his sleeve, but, eliciting no attention, grazed slowly off. Then upon his reverie broke the hurried breathing of the sleeper in the tent. Glancing in, he saw him lying on the bare ground with one arm under his head and his face half-covered by one slim hand. Moved by a sudden impulse, the deacon arose, raised the sleeping head and placed his pillow under it, and covered him with a blanket with a touch so gentle that he never stirred in his deep repose.

It was late when the tired sleeper felt a hand upon his shoulder the next morning, and, starting up, saw the deacon bent over him.

"I see you have rested well. Come, now, and have some breakfast," he said, in a kindly voice.

Their meal being concluded, the deacon again addressed him, speaking slowly as if in pursuance of some preconceived purpose.

"Amos, mine is and has been a lonely life for many a year. It is a hard life, also; but such as it is I will ask you to share it with me."

"Do you really mean to give me a show, deacon?" asked the other, with a brightening face.

"I do," said the deacon, simply. "Here's my hand upon it," and, extending his hand,

he held the slim one of the young man in an earnest grasp.

From that day forward the twain worked together on the rugged hillside. The deacon never alluded to the cause of their meeting, but, day by day, set the force of an example of patient, persevering labor—an example the other was not slow to follow. The deacon noted this with silent satisfaction, and noted also how the healthful exercise in the bracing mountain air filled out the hollows in the younger face, and erased its marks of dissipation.

Gradually the two were drawn together by a strong bond of affection—all the stronger, perhaps, from its quiet undemonstrativeness, for the young man became imbued with the silent ways of the solitary old man, and unconsciously fell into them himself.

Yet there were times when, sitting at night by the fire before the little tent, the two spoke of the results of their labors and their hopes of "striking it," and of how, in that event, their future lives should be shaped. For it was tacitly understood they were to be spent together. At such times, too, the young man often spoke of his past, dwelling with a curious pertinacity upon the father whom he had never seen, and always ending by saying, in a softened voice, "He mightn't have been so bad, after all." To these retrospections the deacon always listened in silence, sitting before the fire in his old musing way, and falling into fits of abstraction which lasted long after the other had ceased speaking.

"Amos," said the deacon one evening. "I am expecting the final payment on the 'Green Mountain Boy.' It ought to come on the coach day after to-morrow, and as we are running short in the grub line, suppose we go to the city, get the money, and lay in a new supply?"

"As you will, deacon," the other replied.

And so in the morning they set out, driving the burro before them. Towards evening, as they drew near "the city," Amos began to betray signs of uneasiness.

"Deacon," said he, at length, "you have never thought it might get us both into trouble if I was seen in the city after—what I told you that first night, you remember?"

"True, boy," the deacon replied, as he stopped still. "I had forgotten about it."

"It would be best, I think," Amos continued, indicating the spot with his hand as he spoke, "for me to camp to-night in this little gulch off the trail. You can go on to the city and I will await your return in the morning."

So they separated and the deacon went on alone. It was late when he arrived; the express office was still open, however, pending the arrival of the coach, then due. After having waited vainly for its coming for some little time, he walked away and sought lodgings for the night.

The next morning he found the city in excitement. The incoming coach had been "held up" the night before by a single road agent, and the treasure box rifled of its contents, and parties were even now in search of the depredator. Hurrying to the express office, the deacon learned it was true, and learned also his expected package had been taken with the rest.

The loss bore hard upon the deacon, for it had been all he had except the little now in his possession. This, however, he now expended in provisions, and, packing the burro, set out to rejoin his companion.

Arrived at the spot where the two had parted he found no one. Vainly he shouted and waited; there was no response.

"He has gotten tired of waiting, and returned alone to the tent," thought the deacon, and, so thinking, hurried onward to the tent also. But he was again disappointed—there was no one there.

Mechanically the deacon drew off the pack and released the burro to graze. Then, for the first time, he began to connect the robbery of the coach with his partner's disappearance.

"He could not do it—he would not!" muttered the deacon, as he walked to and fro, shouting at intervals and listening vainly for a reply.

And yet for all his protestations the thought would obtrude itself, causing him to walk about in agitation and mutter again and again, "He could not—he would not!" And still he was more shocked than surprised, when at nightfall a party came up the little trail with his partner in their midst.

"Deacon," said the spokesman, as they gathered about the little tent, "we brought him here at his last request—for it's a clear case against him. He was caught skulking about the trail this morning, and we found this on him," and the speaker extended a package.

Mechanically the deacon took it and saw it was still sealed, and saw also it was the package he had been expecting. Then in a dazed way he looked at his partner standing with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the old, sullen despondent look on his face. Raising his eyes he met the deacon's for an instant, and read the horror in his face.

"I see you, too, have judged me," he said, in a voice so low as to be nearly inaudible. "Well, so be it; I can but die like a man and an innocent one, too; for, deacon," and he faced the old man with a steady look. "I found that package lying in the trail this morning. I had grown tired of waiting and started towards the camp to meet you. When I picked it up I knew something was wrong, and it flashed upon me to keep out of sight, especially after what had happened before. I asked them to bring me here that I might tell you the truth, and tell you also I appreciated your kindness. I have nothing more to say," he added, wearily, and his despondent face fell once more upon his breast.

Still the deacon never looked at him, but covered his face with a hand that trembled in spite of himself.

"Well, deakin," at length said the bluff voice of the spokesman, "you see how it is—a likely story; but then, of course, he wouldn't confess

it. This is the second time, too. The first we let him off easy, but now—" and the speaker paused ominously.

A low but determined murmur of assent came from the others. The deacon heard it, and his hand fell from his face and grasped the breast of his flannel shirt convulsively, as he turned and faced them.

"Now," he said, in a low, firm voice, "you know me. You know that never once have I left the straight and narrow path to join in the abominations over there," pointing to the camp.

"That's so, deakin," said the spokesman, a little taken back at this abrupt address. "We all know you have followed the straight trail, and that your ways wasn't exactly our ways."

"Yes," said the deacon, "your ways were not my ways. For, men, I saw the folly of it all, and had long ago found out life was not given us to be frittered away like that; that it was a terrible earnest thing to be fought and conquered and trampled under foot, and be made subservient to the end."

"For twenty odd years," the deacon continued, as the others were silent—"for twenty odd years I have walked as straight as it was in me to do, keeping steadily on without friend or companion until—he came. Then I saw what a wreck he had made of life, and thought I might set him right and stand his friend, and may be in time he might—he might at least be a friend to me."

The deacon's steady voice trembled slightly as he paused, and his auditors still kept silence, held not by any eloquence in his speech, but by the grim earnestness of his manner. Still facing them, he moved to the young man's side and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"He is innocent," he said, in the same steady voice. "I feel it—I know it, and you shall not harm him. But if he were not"—and the deacon threw one arm about him and shielded him from them with his broad breast—"if he were guilty of all you say, you should not harm him while I draw the breath of life; for, men, I am his father!"

For an instant his auditors gazed at the deacon's gaunt figure upraised before the other. Then a bluff voice said, softly, "Boys, we'd better git," and the two were left alone.

Half way down the mountain side the leader of the little party suddenly stopped.

"Boys," he exclaimed, abruptly, "what will the camp say to all this?"

There was a moment's silence ere one replied uneasily, "They will say we're a lot of—soft hearted fools!"

"Let them!" defiantly said the bluff voice of the leader. "Let them say what they please, for, boys, there ain't any of this crowd going to part them two now."

But the camp didn't say so at all. The camp instead worked itself up into such a state of enthusiasm over the deacon's pluck, and drank so many and such hearty healths to the deacon and his newly-found son, that the resources of the "Miner's Retreat" were well nigh exhausted. For, upon their return, the real culprit had been captured and his last confession revealed the truth.

Magically, Mountain City had sprung into existence—like magic it faded away. The "Green Mountain Boy" had proved to be a "blind lead," the mines had failed, and the camp was abandoned. The tents have long since vanished, with their tenants, and only the moldering log houses, their dirt roofs fallen in, mark the site of the once prosperous camp.

With the rest the little tent upon the mountain side has disappeared, and its inmates have gone, no one knows whither, most likely to follow the beacon light of Fortune westward over the mountain tops.

But, though the silver vein hidden in the mountain's breast was destined never to be discovered, yet the deacon was richer by far. For, in the reverent affection of the son he had saved and reclaimed, he had struck a vein of pure gold yielding more and more abundantly, and never to be exhausted.

THE VIRGINIA COAL MINE HORROR.

THE disaster which occurred at the Midlothian Coal Pits in Chesterfield County, Va., on the 3d instant, was in its immediate and remote consequences exceptionally ghastly and appalling. The "Grove" shaft of the Midlothian Mine, the point of the disaster, is situated on the Richmond and Danville road, thirteen miles from the former place. The depth of this shaft is 600 feet, and it has six working levels, the first commencing at 1,200 feet from the top of the incline. In these levels thirty-two men were at work when the fatal explosion occurred. The alarm was at once given, and immediately a crowd, composed of all above ground in the neighborhood of the shaft—in fact, the whole village of Coalfield—assembled at the pit, from which issued dense volumes of smoke. Repeated attempts were made to descend to the relief of the perishing miners, but the daring rescuers were driven back by the dangerous gases, and some nearly lost their lives in the attempt. As the news spread the miners in the neighboring shafts assembled at the scene of the accident to render their assistance in rescuing the ill-fated men below. In spite of heroic efforts, however, none of the bodies were recovered until the following day, when one at the bottom of the shaft was found and brought up. Subsequently four others were recovered. The wives of the unfortunate men gathered at the shaft, and awaited in agonized suspense the return of the rescuing party. One poor girl, whose betrothed worked in the mine, walked a distance of thirteen miles, through a blinding snowstorm, to learn the fate of her lover.

One of our illustrations shows the exploring party prosecuting the search for the entombed miners, while the other presents a picture of the scene at the moment when the first body was recovered, and the two men of the working party, overcome by the gas, were brought to the surface.

On the 7th, when twenty-seven victims of the explosion still remained in the tomb where they had perished, the shaft was found to be on fire, and the effort for the recovery of the bodies was necessarily abandoned. A local committee has issued an appeal for subscriptions for the relief of the families of the unfortunate miners. The appeal says: "At the time of the explosion there were thirty-two men

in the mine, every one of whom was killed. Twenty-six of them were married and leave widows and children, a great majority of them in a helpless and destitute condition. To have this large additional number of dependents thrown upon this small and impoverished community in one day in midwinter forces the necessity of appealing for outside aid to prevent as far as possible further suffering and distress."

DANGER ON THE BOULEVARDS.

THROUGH the action of the Park Commissioners in prescribing rules for parties driving through Central Park either in carriages or sleighs or on horseback, the dangers of collision are reduced to a minimum. Any collision, of course, may be an accident, but there need be few except from direct carelessness or a sudden frightening of horses. When, however, the winding roads of the Park have been passed and owners of fast animals get upon the boulevards, extreme caution is necessary to prevent disasters. In some respects extreme caution may be considered a test of horsemanship. Where all are good drivers, where vehicles are known to be sound and harness in proper condition, caution may be the system in the apparent recklessness of driving. And if this be so, one thing is very evident: that parties who are lacking in skill, experience, coolness and nerve, should never frequent roads where the point can be scraped from the rail of one sleigh by another without causing a smash or, at least, an upset. The road of safety for the inexperienced and nervous is any one that the owners of blooded stock do not choose. A driver without the practice can just as surely get "beyond his depth" and into danger on the up-town boulevards, where wealth, fashion and skill display their strength, as on the outer side of the safety-ropes at Long Branch.

The number of accidents to sleighing parties this winter is notably small, and the fact is probably due to ordinary drivers allowing extraordinary ones to monopolize certain of the long, broad and straight avenues, while they content themselves with parallel or intersecting roads. The recent collision on Seventh Avenue of a sleigh driven by Mayor Grace, and one driven by Francis McCabe, is the most marked one of the season thus far. While driving down the road some snow was thrown into the Mayor's eyes. He took off his gloves to wipe his eyes, and in doing so relaxed his hold of the reins. The horses took advantage of the situation to start on a brisk run. In front of the Mayor's sleigh was one driven by Judge Hawes, who had a very spirited horse and was going very fast. The Mayor's horses were excited by rivalry with Judge Hawes's horse and became unmanageable and ran away. The collision with Mr. McCabe's sleigh then took place. Mr. McCabe's sleigh was upset and he and his daughter, Miss A. E. McCabe, were thrown out. Mr. McCabe's shoulder was dislocated. It was reported that three of Miss McCabe's ribs were broken, but her injuries proved less serious. The Mayor and others went to the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. McCabe and did all in their power for them. Their injuries were attended to by a local physician, after which they were driven to their home.

THE FAMOUS BABY ELEPHANT.

BARNUM'S WINTER HEADQUARTERS AT BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

A RIGHT royal infant has been born to the Monarch of Showland. A princess comes to gladden the heart and exchequer of King Barnum, and Her Royal Highness, the Princess Elephantina, is as thriving a young elephant as ever promised to blow her own trumpet. The measurements of the youngster were as follows: From the end of the hip to the end of the trunk, four feet; length of trunk, seven inches; height, two feet six inches; circumference, thirty-eight inches; length of fore-leg to first joint, four inches; to second joint, eleven inches; and from there to the top of the shoulder, fifteen inches; circumference of the foreleg, sixteen inches. It was perfectly formed; even the lump at the end of its tail was covered with black, bristly hair about four inches long, and its hide and hair looked and felt very much like that of a black pig. The weight was 146 pounds. The trunk seemed to be the object of special interest and amusement. It seemed to be on a perpetual exploring expedition, and was always followed by the rest of the body. As stated, it was seven inches long, quite large at the top and rapidly growing smaller towards the tip.

Notwithstanding her weight, 146 pounds, she is perfectly formed, sleek and handsome, with a little calla-lily-like trunk on one end and a tail to match on the other. When she lies down she exhibits four of the prettiest, most aesthetic little feet, resembling for all the world four beautiful, well-defined sunflowers. Mr. Barnum was asked for a valuation: "Oh, goodness! she (for it is a female) is invaluable. Why, I wouldn't take a hundred thousand dollars for her. I have been offered already a thousand dollars a week for her by New York parties, but I want her myself." One year's insurance of \$300,000 has been effected on the little thing's life, the premium amounting to fifty-two thousand dollars, which was promptly paid.

Her Majesty the Queen is as full of dignity as becomes the situation. If occasionally a little irritable, she must be excused on the ground of maternal anxiety, and the gentlemen of King Barnum's Court have not been over anxious to come within reach of either her tail or her proboscis. Her Majesty will permit no stranger to approach the royal infant, and on a recent occasion, as one of the men who belong to the company, but not to this department, was assisting the trainer to hold the baby, the Queen, not liking the proceeding, hit him a severe blow on the head that sent his hat spinning across the ring. She keeps constant guard of her baby, often feeling for her with her foot, trunk or tail.

"Queen," the mother of the babe, is twenty-three years old, weighs 6,800 pounds, and is an Indian elephant. The father, Chieftain, is nine feet four inches tall, weighs 8,800 pounds, and is a huge Ceylon elephant aged about twenty-eight years.

When the consolidation of Barnum's show and Bailey & Hutchinson's "London Circus" occurred in the Autumn of 1880, it was found necessary to build, at a cost of near \$200,000, a winter quarters for the monster entertainment. There was no building in New York adequate in size in which to store the trains of cars, thirty-three golden chariots, long array of wagons, vans and dais, piles of velvet, broadcloth, gold-lace and bullion-trimmed wardrobe and paraphernalia used en route in summer for exhibition purposes; and the twenty-two elephants, ten giraffes, twenty camels and hundreds of antelope animals, yaks, sacred cattle and the more dangerous beasts which it is necessary to restrain behind stout steel bars. Ten acres of ground belonging to Mr. Barnum, in the suburbs of Bridgeport, were selected, architects made plans, and artisans went promptly to work, and when the two shows finished their respective successful seasons they were speedily domiciled and safely housed in the new buildings, which had arisen like magic before the wondering eyes of the Bridgeporters. It is stated that nowhere in the world can there be found such complete, capacious and perfect show-quarters, which stand in full view of the railway, furnishing a rare sight for passengers as they go by.

The apartments have been laid out and finished with a view to the comfort and safe-keeping of the wild beasts in a condition approximating as closely as possible to their untamed and normal state. The temperature accords exactly with that of their native plain or jungle, thus rendering the captive better satisfied under the restraint necessary to use, and the food employed is, in every case, just what the animal most desires. The elephant-house is 100 feet square, and of lofty height, and supplied

with every convenience in the way of feed-bins, huge water tanks, and a practice ring in which the monsters are taught strange tricks and manoeuvres by experienced keepers. It was in this circle, tethered to a large stake, where Queen gave birth to the baby elephant, which is the most valuable animal living to-day. The temperature is kept at 70 to 80 degrees of heat, which is what the elephant requires, and at which he thrives best.

The lion and tiger house adjoining contains a great variety of wild beasts, including hippopotamuses, tigers, lions, hyenas, panthers, single and double horned rhinoceroses, black tigers, giraffes, etc., most of which are confined in large and specially built stationary dens, while nearly all of them are broken in winter time to perform during the summer tour—making up the largest menagerie ever brought together by any one firm, individual, or corporation, which, with the circus, hippodrome and museum, is traveled at an expense of \$4,800 a day. The arena made for the practice of riders, gymnasts, trick horses, cattle and so forth, is under the same roof in the rear of the animal building. Around the walls are arranged convenient stalls for over a hundred head of stock, dressing-rooms for the people, and overhead, the full length of this and the animal department, is a roomy loft, reached by wide stairways and elevators, in which is stored wardrobe, tents, poles, and a world of show property.

Across a wide avenue is the car-house in which is stored the eighty-five cars of from fifty to sixty feet in length, which reach it by means of a number of railroad tracks laid the length of the car-house, and intercepting the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. The building of new cages and tableau chariots and railway carriages is done in large rooms in the rear of this car depot. Another repair and paint house of scarcely less dimensions has been built for this "largest show in the world," which is supplied with tools, furnaces, gold, bronze and material. It is here the finishing touches are given to the gilded chariots and resplendent dens. The office of the company, with telegraphic and telephone attachments is near this latter building. Mr. Barnum and his young partners, Bailey and Hutchinson, expend \$200,000 or more every winter to fit out for the coming year, and, besides a dozen managers and superintendents, employ 300 men in the winter months and double that number in summer when the show is on the road. The horses, except the performing stallions and bareback stock, are sent out to good farmers in the neighborhood, in charge of grooms, where they are kept till wanted in the Spring.

Human Endurance in the Water.

MEN and animals are able to sustain themselves for long distances in the water, and would do so much oftener were they not incapacitated, in regard of the former at least, by sheer terror, as well as complete ignorance of their real powers. Webb's wonderful endurance will never be forgotten. But there are other instances only less remarkable. Some years since, the second mate of a ship fell overboard while in the act of fisting a sail. It was blowing fresh; the time was night, and the place some miles out in the stormy German Ocean. The hardy fellow nevertheless managed to gain the English coast. Brock, with a dozen other pilots, was plying for fares by Yarmouth; and, as the main sheet was delayed, a sudden puff of wind upset the boat, when presently all perished, except Brock himself, who, from four in the afternoon till one the next morning, swam thirteen miles before he was able to haul a vessel at anchor in the offing. Animals themselves are capable of swimming immense distances, although unable to rest by the way. A dog recently swam thirty miles in America in order to rejoin his master. A mule and a dog washed overboard during a gale in the Bay of Biscay, have been known to make their way to shore. A dog swam ashore with a letter in his mouth at the Cape of Good Hope. The crew of the ship to which the dog belonged all perished, which they need not have done had they only ventured to tread water as the dog did. As a certain ship was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea, it was found needful, in order to lighten the vessel, to throw some troop-horses overboard, which had been taken in at Corunna. The poor things, my informant, a staff-surgeon, told me, when they found themselves abandoned, faced round and swam for miles after the vessel. A man on the east coast of Lincolnshire saved quite a number of lives by swimming out on horseback to vessels in distress. He commonly rode an old gray mare, but when the mare was not to hand, he took the first horse that offered.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Leader of the Herzegovinian Uprising.

Stojan Kowatschewich, who was born in Gacko, with fifty men, started to the aid of Ischeta, and from 1876 to 1878 he fought on the side of the Montenegrins. When his native country, Herzegovina, was overrun with troops he returned to Gacko, but he could not remain inactive in the face of such a condition of affairs, and, sword in hand, and followed by a daring band, he fled to the mountains between Gacko and Cugorje, in the recesses of which he maintained an attitude of the most resolute defiance. Born a soldier, he has exhibited a marvelous aptitude for strategy and military tactics, while his intrepidity amounts to rashness. Never was a man more fitted by nature for the soldier's guerrilla, and his name in his native mountains is a talisman.

Cardinal Howard.

Edward Henry Howard, grandson of Charles, brother to the twelfth Duke of Norfolk, the new Archbishop of St. Peter's, Rome, is the son of the late Captain Edward Giles Howard, by his wife Frances Anne, eldest daughter of Robert George Henegge, Esq., of Hainton, Lincolnshire. She was a Protestant, but the requisite dispensation was obtained for the marriage, and Edward Henry, who was born at Hainton on February 13th, 1829, was brought up a Roman Catholic. When about twenty years of age he entered the Second Regiment of Life Guards, and in 1852, as an officer of that regiment, led the procession of the funeral of the late Duke of Wellington. He remained in the army for about four years, and in 1853 embraced the ecclesiastical career, and entered the Pontifical Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics in Rome, making his theological studies in the Roman College. He was ordained Sub-Deacon by Cardinal Wiseman in 1855, and Priest by Cardinal Patrizi in 1856. In 1857 he was made a Private Chamberlain to Pius IX. Monsignor Howard was next appointed to be Secretary to an important mission specially sent to India, in the year 1862 or 1863, to arrange the Concordat with Portugal. On his return to Rome, Pius IX. showed his appreciation of his services by creating him one of the Prelates of the Vatican. On the demise of Cardinal Altieri, who died of cholera, in Albano, in 1867, the office of Archbishop of St. Peter's became vacant, and was conferred upon Cardinal Mattei, who appointed Monsignor Howard to be his Vicar. He continued to hold this post until he was created a Cardinal. In 1872 he was appointed Suffragan or Auxiliary to Cardinal Cella, Bishop of Frascati, and was consecrated Archbishop of Neo-Cesaria in *partibus infidelium*, on the 30th of June, 1872. The ceremony was performed in St. Peter's. Cardinal Cella died on the 7th of the following July, and it was supposed, by many persons who were ignorant of the traditional rules of the Sacred College, that Archbishop Howard would have been appointed to succeed him as Cardinal and Bishop of Frascati. But in the Consistory of July 29th, in the same year, 1872,

Cardinal Guidi "opted" or "optated" for Frascati; and Archbishop Howard's connection with that see, which had lasted for only a few weeks, altogether ceased. In the Consistory of March 12th, 1877, Pius IX. created Edward Henry Howard a Cardinal of the Order of Priests, assigning him for his title the Church of SS. John and Paul, on the Coelian Hill. Among the highest posts which can be conferred on distinguished Cardinals are the three offices of Archbishop in the three great basilicas, namely, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, and St. Mary Major. When the most honorable and the most lucrative of the three offices became vacant by the unexpected death of Cardinal Borromeo, it was given to Cardinal Howard. The selection was most acceptable to the Vatican chapter and clergy as well as to the public.

Ruins at Hydra, Tunis.

One of the chief architectural features of Tunis add preservation, while others have been converted into Algeria are the remains of the old Roman buildings and temples, the relics of the occupation of North Africa under the Emperors. Many are in excellent dwelling-houses or factories, and their architectural beauties considerably injured. One engraving depicts the ruins of Hydra, the Roman settlement of Ammdara, not far from the Algerian frontier. They are stated to be exceptionally fine, consisting of tombs, colonnades, triumphal arches, etc., all in a good state of preservation. There is also one of the most important triumphal arches in North Africa. A peculiar feature is the unusual height of its entablature, which is half the height of the columns.

Church of the Ipatiev Convent, Kostroma, Russia.

This church presents not only the usual Oriental domes, so characteristic of Russian ecclesiastical architecture, with the numerous arches, but has a feature which will, to many, be new and not uninteresting. This is the method in which the dead walls are made attractive by mural paintings. Even in Italy where the climate seemed more favorable to this decoration this is not undertaken, and it is not easy to see how the Russian artists have contrived to prevent their work from losing all lustre and beauty amid the fierce northern winters. The paintings are mainly scenes from the life of Christ, and seem to be held in special veneration, the peasants always saluting them as they pass. Kostroma is the capital city of the central government of European Russia of the same name. It is situated on the Volga, 190 miles northeast of Moscow, and is the seat of a Greek bishop. It has about forty churches, a number of convents, a gymnasium, a seminary and a monument to the founder of the Romanoff dynasty.

A Lottery-Office in Rome.

The change of rule in Rome has made no change in the lottery business. The people of the Eternal City cannot give up this great attraction. Whether King or Pope rules is really a minor matter. The groups around the offices of the lottery, on the day of the drawing, furnish a study for the artist or moralizer. Persons of all grades and callings, as well as of all ages and both sexes, jostle in the endeavor to ascertain whether the tickets they hold have turned up a prize in the treacherous wheel of fortune. Our illustration is not a fancy sketch, but a study from life by an artist of merit.

The Old-Clothes Exchange, London.

In that respectable city business street, Houndsditch, directly opposite St. Mary Axe, is the entrance to a court named "Phil's Buildings." Here, from four to five o'clock daily in the afternoon, may be witnessed a curious scene of bustle and petty traffic, collecting together several hundred dealers in cast-off articles of clothing, who have gone their morning rounds, picking up whatever they can hope to sell for shillings or pence. The court is a place not of wretched aspect, but flanked by decently-built houses, one or two of which are occupied by persons in the trade, whose open doors allow piles of second-hand apparel to be seen in the passages and rooms, with desks or tables for the receipt of custom. Other premises seem to be let as lodgings, and there are no signs of disorder or squalid misery. At the upper end rises a lofty gateway, bearing a twofold inscription, which first advertises the entrance to a public-house bearing a highly distinguished title—not "the Methusalem Arms," but the name and "arms" of a venerable Jewish patriarch in the City of London—and which further announces that it is the portal to the "Clothes Mart and Exchange." Having paid the admission fee of one penny, at the barrier placed across the steps leading up to Phil's Court, the visitor may pass through the iron gates beyond, and find himself in the queer place and company shown in our illustration.

The Maharajah of Burdwan.

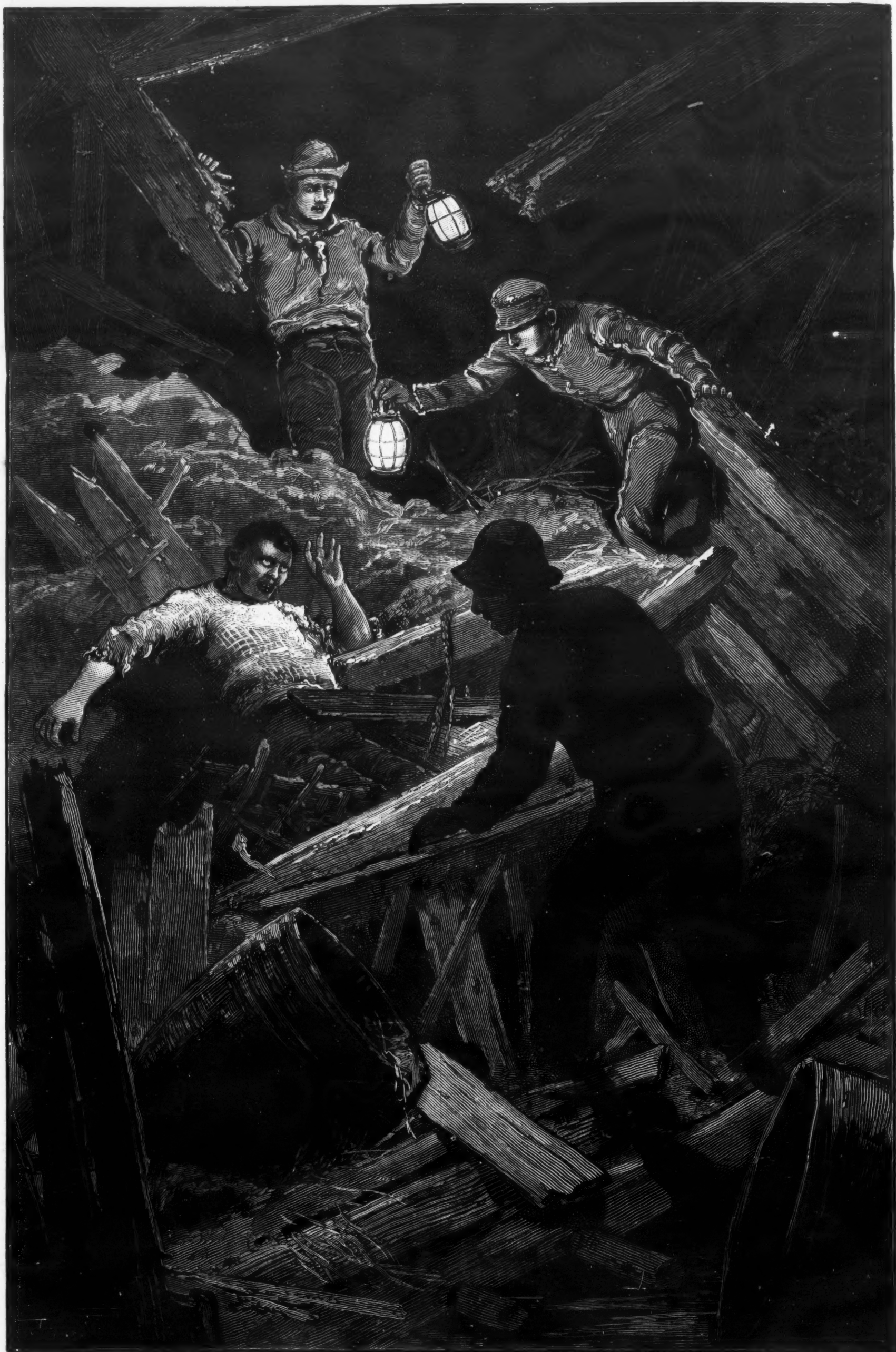
The district of Burdwan, which is comprised within the Bengal Presidency, is situated north of Hooghly and Midnapore, south of Beerbhoom, and extends from Bancoorah, on the west, to Nuddea, on the east—all British dominions. Its population much exceeds two millions; and it is one of the most fertile and productive districts of India, yielding abundant crops of rice, sugar, indigo, cotton, silk, oil-seeds, tobacco, and other articles of merchandise, besides coal and iron. The late Maharajah bestowed large sums of money upon founding colleges and schools, and other useful institutions, for the benefit of his people. His son, the present Maharajah, has passed through his minority, and has now entered upon full possession of the estates and revenues of his predecessors. The ceremony of his formal installation, and investiture with the rank and title of Maharajah Dhiraj Bahadoor, conferred by the Viceroy of India, was performed in the town of Burdwan by Sir Ashley Eden, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The Maharajah of Burdwan, who appears standing and listening to the patent of nobility, read by Mr. Cockerell, is accompanied by his young friend, the Maharajah of Cooh Behar, sitting next the empty chair. Sir Ashley Eden, who sits in the chair of state on the dais, is attended by his two aides-de-camp and his private secretary; the commissioner and the magistrate for the district are present, supporting the new Maharajah.

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

The necessity for the St. Gothard Railway has long been felt, and especially for goods traffic during the winter season. Passengers from northern and central Germany have also been compelled, in attempting to reach Milan in winter, to make a considerable detour if they wished to go by rail. Of the greater passes over the Alps, the Mont Cenis, the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, the Wormserloch and the Brenner, only the first and last have hitherto been furnished with railroads. Passengers from France have preferred the route over Mont Cenis, and those from Bavaria and Austria that over the Brenner, both very good so far as those countries are concerned, but not so convenient for the Rhineland and Switzerland itself as the St. Gothard, which falls almost in a straight line drawn from Frankfurt-on-the-Main, through Zurich to Milan. Hence the desire for a genuine Swiss railway, like the St. Gothard, which is expected to be in working order next July. Commenced in the middle of November, 1872, the nine miles and a little more than a quarter have taken nine years to complete, the rock, through which it was necessary to bore, being composed mainly of a hard granite gneiss. Even now that it is nearly finished, there is serious talk of rival lines over the Simplon, Napoleon's great military road, by piercing the mountain mass between Brieg and Domo d'Ossola; and another, suggested in France, by making a more direct route from Geneva to Turin by burrowing under the "monarch of mountains," Mont Blanc itself.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

- A COTTON factory, to cost \$500,000, is to be erected at Weldon, N. C.
- THE insurgents in Yemen, Arabia, have proclaimed a descendant of the Prophet as Caliph.
- THE Emperor of Japan has issued an address to the army, telling the soldiers not to meddle with politics.
- THE Bill establishing postal savings-banks will be reported favorably by the House Committee on Post Offices.
- A REPORT condemning free railroad passes has been presented to the Iowa Legislature by the State Railroad Commission.
- SENATOR MAHON says that at the election next Fall the Readjusters will elect eight of the nine Virginia Congressmen.
- SEVERAL officers of a matrimonial insurance company at Reading, Pa., have been arrested on charges of conspiracy made by a former employe.
- A SECRET organization has been formed in Ireland, its object being to prevent the payment of rent and punish those who disobey its orders.
- THE North of England Board of Arbitration has granted the iron-workers 7½ per cent. increase of wages. This will probably prevent a strike.
- THE aggregate amount appropriated by the Indian Appropriation Bill is \$4,963,203, an increase of \$394,600 over the amount appropriated last year.
- THE Ways and Means Committee have agreed upon a Tariff Commission Bill, to consist of nine members, and requiring a report by the second Monday of December, 1882.
- THE Virginia House of Delegates has passed the Bill for the settlement of the State debt, known as the Riddleberger Bill, by a vote of 66 to 30. It had already passed the Senate.
- HERAT is in revolt. The Governor, Kudas, refused to vacate his post and accept instead the Governorship of Candahar. The Ameri is reported to have retaliated by beheading Kudas's brother in Cabul.
- THE returns issued by the British Board of Trade show that, during the month of January, British imports increased compared with that month of last year by £5,300,000, and the exports by £2,500,000.
- IN an Ohio court a boy twelve years old was arraigned for murder in the first degree in having fatally stabbed a playmate. The prisoner pleaded guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to ten years in a reform school.
- ADVISES from Fort Keogh, M. T., state that some of the white settlers are persistently encroaching upon the lands of the Crow Indians, and that in consequence a war with this hitherto friendly tribe and its allies is not improbable.
- THE President last week sent a special message to Congress urging the amendment or modification of the Posse Comitatus Act, so as to permit the use of the military to aid the civil authorities in maintaining law and order in the border States and Territories.
- THE French Government has taken steps to check the too rapid increase of the number of Doctors of Laws. The number of persons upon whom the French Faculties of Law have bestowed this degree rose from 12 in 1806 to 191 in 1875, and since that year has ranged from 175 to 189. Hereafter the examinations will be more rigorous.
- A HUNDRED and five members of the French Chamber of Deputies have promised to join the Republican Union, which is about to be revived. The reconstitution of the Union is very significant, as showing that M. Gambetta is now obliged to throw himself four years back to revive that group as the only means of recovering his influence.
- EMIR PASHA, who has undertaken to put down brigandage in the neighborhood of Smyrna, is carrying out his plans with great spirit and promptness. He has already sent to Stamboul the heads of more than sixty bandits, and a small semi-weekly consignment of this nature has been regularly received in the capital for a considerable time past.
- A NEW step forward in the higher education of women has been taken by the University of London. It had already secured power to grant degrees to women and had exercised this privilege, but it has now decided to admit women who obtain degrees to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by men, including the right to become acting members of the governing body.
- THE Bill reported from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in relation to the Japanese Indemnity Fund, directs the payment from what is known as the Japanese Indemnity Fund of \$1,516,364 to the Japanese Government and \$254,000 to the officers and crew of the United States steamer Wyoming for extraordinary and perilous services in Japanese waters in 1863.
- THE Russian Government declares that the Jew-baiters are being severely dealt with and that foreign interference in the matter will only tend to inflame the peasantry. It is said that out of 800 persons tried for participation in the riots at Warsaw eighty have been acquitted and thirty sentenced to prison for periods varying from one month to a year. The remainder have been fined or reprimanded.
- THE Spanish Government has received a telegram from its Ambassador at the Vatican reiterating the statement that the Pope disapproves of a political character being given to the proposed pilgrimage to Rome, and insists upon its being carried out under the direction of the clergy. It is expected that if Senor Nocedal who is organizing the pilgrimage, does not yield to the wishes of the Pope, the entire project will collapse.
- THE Bureau of Education reports that at the end of the year 1881 there were 3,881 pupils in the non-Mormon schools of Utah, and that these pupils were taught by 94 teachers. These schools are under religious denominations, and the largest number of pupils—1,660, with 41 teachers—are under the Presbyterian denomination. The remainder are divided among the Episcopal, Congregational, Methodist and Catholic denominations.
- EIGHT years ago there was only \$120,000 invested in steamers on the St. Johns, Florida. Now there are twenty-eight steamers plying on that river, one of which cost \$240,000, and to this fleet constant additions are making. The Indian river and South Florida lakes and inlets are now dotted with railboats, carrying freight to and fro. In a very short time these will be supplemented by steamers, and then a new region will be opened of surpassing fertility and beauty.
- THERE are on the lands of the Cherokee Nation, in the Indian Territory, salt springs, or deposits of salt, which have not been worked or in any way made productive. The Cherokee Legislature has directed the Cherokee delegation to take such steps as will cause these springs to yield some revenue, and Mr. Dawes has introduced in the Senate a Bill authorizing the Cherokee Nation, or its delegation, to lease three of these salt springs for a term of years, with a right of a highway for ingress and egress, and lands with the springs, not exceeding in area five townships, to facilitate the manufacture of salt.



VIRGINIA.—THE FATAL EXPLOSION AT THE MIDLOTHIAN COAL MINE, FEB. 3D—THE RESCUE PARTY DISCOVERING THE FIRST BODY.
FROM A SKETCH BY F. C. BURROUGHS.—SEE PAGE 446.



NEW YORK CITY.—CHARACTER SKETCHES AT THE LIEDERKRANZ BALL, ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 9TH.

SEE PAGE 451.

FOR EVER.

I LOVED you—loved you—love you now,
And loved you then—and shall love well
A thousand thousand years to come,
Whatever Death may have to tell!

I loved you then; you do not know,
But you and I were near together
A thousand thousand years ago,
In some forgotten Summer weather.

I cannot see the place; and yet
I think the heavens and earth drew nigh
In closer love; for Time was young,
The stars were budding in the sky,

And the great sun shone broad and bright
In new-born gladness; like a flower
The moon hung in the purple night;
And we, like children, hour by hour

Learned some new lore at Nature's lips,
And with her growth went hand in hand—
One with the stars and streams and seas
Of that forgotten, wondrous land.

And now the ancient memories stir,
The ancient life wells fresh and strong;
The earth is old and gray—yet still
She keeps the rhythm and the song—

The song whose strain we still discern,
Although the words are lost for aye;
The anthem of the morning stars,
That rings throughout Eternity!

And all my later life has kept—
Since o'er the first Time's curtain fell—
Is this: I love you—love you now,
And loved you then, and shall love well
A thousand thousand years to come,
Whatever Death may have to tell!

G. A. DAVIS.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER XXXI.

GEORDIE felt that his mission had failed, as Christie said. He rose up crestfallen, perplexed and sad.

"I am not her messenger," he replied. "What I have said has been entirely from myself, and at the instance of no other person. I thought a great wrong was being done. I believed you were ignorant that you played a part in it. I thought—in fact," he concluded, hastily, "I was quite mistaken. I must ask you to forgive me if I have been indiscreet."

She held out her hand; she was calm again now; only a quick heaving of the white handkerchief on her bosom showed that the storm had been.

It was a strange feeling, that with which Geordie took the little velvet-soft hand in his once more—the sort of sensation which might thrill through a man who accepted in amity the sheathed paw of a tigress who had just shown him her claws. With a curious conviction that, as Feena once said, the fair white flesh covered bones of steel, he found himself handling the soft yielding palm.

"We are friends again, then?" Christie whispered, in her softest, sweetest tones. "We are friends, Geordie, are we not?"

"We are more," he replied, lightly, "we are cousins."

He did not mean much by it; he had had a shock, and his ideas were confused. He could not quite yet reconcile himself to this new rendering of Christie; he was not sure that they were friends; he fell back involuntarily on the relationship. That at least was unchanged.

There were violets in the hedgerows, and primroses in the copses, and a rustle and quiver as of waking life in the reddening woods. Over breezy uplands where the young corn waved greenly above the brown furrows, through mossy depths where the wild hyacinth held her sheathed buds and the fern her folded fronds, ready for the glad surprise of Spring, the young April was calling, with a voice full of glad sweet tears, "The Winter is over; the Storm King's reign is ended; the time of flowers is at hand!"

At Beechwood Feena Drummond reigned in all the glad happiness of her new wifehood. Sir Wilfrid held his head proudly, and Lady Drummond sat with her fair hands folded, serenely content that the "daughters of Heth" had passed out of her fears.

At the rectory the dark days were over, and the glad voice of Spring was thrilling through the happy household, from the baby-toddlers, who prattled joyfully of the primroses and violets, to Estelle, who opened her heart to the joyous message, and set herself to search, with trembling fingers, for some little buds of hope and promise beneath the withered leaves of a dead and past Summer.

After the one rebellion against the cruelty of her fate, the one passionate demand for the active work which brings oblivion, she had settled down to the colorless future before her.

"It will be better by and-by," she told herself, "when that is over."

"That" was the one blow more to be dreaded and waited for—the announcement of Tempest Mervyn's marriage to Christal Melville. Estelle was like the patient doomed to amputation of a limb, craving to have it all over, and to begin life anew, without the limb, it is true, but without the dread, too.

Sometimes, when the pain of this dread was strongest upon her, she would turn to Feena's warmly-proffered friendship, which had come to have a special charm and solace for her. The young wife was so radiant and bright, and it was good to look on at happiness, even as an outsider—to be sure that it was not altogether a thing of her dreams. She was young enough to shrink from the cold grave of her own hopes, and to be glad for the warmth and light of another's joy.

For the rest, she tried honestly and bravely

to fill such place as was left to her in the world. She suffered the little children's clinging fingers and loving voices to draw her out of herself; she was always ready to share the labors of the busy mother of the household or to aid the vicar in his parish rounds. She spent many a sweet, quiet hour with Lady Drummond in the pretty Dower House on the outskirts of the park, to which the dowager had retired. Lady Drummond had a special and tender interest in her dead friend's daughter, and a quiet instinctive sympathy which gave her the clew to what had sorely puzzled Clara Wilmer all through those Winter months. The vicar's wife could not understand how it was that, when the way seemed all smooth and clear at last, Estelle grew paler and quieter day by day, and Tempest Mervyn made no sign. There was no pretty idyl of love and constancy after all.

"It is all over—all ended," Estelle had replied to her questioning. "I cannot tell you why; but it is all over. Do not ask me about it, but love me, dear, and let me belong to you. I am such a poor forlorn wail!" as Clara kissed away the slow-dropping tears. Her loyal lips were closed on the story of her wrongs; she could not have borne to hear Clara, in her hot zeal, blame her lost lover.

"What can it be?" Clara wondered to her husband.

"Lieutenant Armstrong," tersely suggested the vicar. "A bird of the air has carried the tale; the hero is jealous—voilà l'histoire!"

"But she never cared for him—never!" cried Clara.

"No; but the hero is sensitive. He has heard something—exaggerated, no doubt—and hence the quarrel."

"And we can do nothing," sighed Clara.

"No, nothing," assented the vicar, conscious that his former efforts had not been particularly felicitous. "I have come to the conclusion that these matters won't bear meddling with. I shall never attempt any match-making again. We will try leaving these two alone now."

Feena Drummond talked it over with her young husband, and the two grew warm in their championship, and more devoted in their friendship for Estelle, as they saw the sweet face quiver into lines of pain or settle into a pathetic patience.

"I am sorry for poor old Geordie; but she would never accept him," said Feena to her husband, who was in her confidence. "She is of the steadfast kind, and would rather break her heart for her 'ain love' than take another. And why should she break her heart? Why should Christie come in between these two as she nearly—"

"She did nothing of the kind," Sir Wilfrid contradicted, sturdily. "That was a delusion of somebody else's—an excuse, I verily believe, to snub me unmercifully—a device to 'make yourself more to be desired.'"

Feena shook her head.

"You forget," she said, "that I know Christie through and through."

"She is a very fascinating woman," Sir Wilfrid admitted.

"And you had a very narrow escape—confess it!" cried Feena, coloring with a quick little jealous flush.

"I? No; I had a talisman, a counter-charm which saved me," returned her husband, stooping down to kiss the warm red lips which smiled again at his flattery. "But, that shield aside, I can imagine Miss Melville to be a dangerous siren."

"The man must be a poor creature," said Feena, scornfully. "to be so easily seduced from his allegiance."

"How do you know it was easily?"

"I know that it was Christie," replied young Lady Drummond, with a toss of her gypsy head.

"And a prophet has no honor in his own country," laughed Sir Wilfrid. "Think of the circumstances—they were picturesque enough, to say nothing of the young lady nurse with her sympathetic dark eyes and her white fingers and her irresistible get-up—that bewitching cap and the Marie Antoinette handkerchief, and all the rest."

"They made a great impression on you, at all events," retorted Feena. "You remember it all very well."

"As I remember a delicious little Puritan picture by Sir Joshua, or a charming coifed nun by Albrecht Dürer," answered Sir Wilfrid, not without a certain mischievous provocation. "One looks at these things from an æsthetic and artistic point of view."

"I would give a good deal to know Captain Mervyn's point of view," said Feena. "How they are heaping honors on him, trying to make amends for his brief eclipse! I feel as if I could never bear to look at him again if he marries Christie. And there is nothing from Geordie. If there had been anything to say worth saying, we should have heard from him. They will all be coming home soon, I suppose; the country is quiet now. Geordie was to go somewhere to meet and take charge of invalids, so he said in his last letter. Now that it is all over—the fighting, I mean—and he is safe, I wish Geordie had had some of the glory."

"His own campaign is a glorious, it is a bloodless one," said her husband.

"Yes," answered Feena, kindling; "he won't get the Victoria Cross, but he has deserved it as well as the best of them."

"Yes, he is a hero," indorsed Sir Wilfrid, warmly.

"I don't think much of heroes," said Feena, scornfully.

"I reserve my judgment," concluded her husband.

The Spring advanced on its flower strewn path. In the woods the young leaves fluttered like newly-fledged birds in the sunshine, and the blue hyacinths lay like a Summer cloud about the red-brown stems. In Feena's garden the dainty lilac-blossoms scented the warm air; and beneath their perfumed shade Feena

had caused her afternoon tea-table to be set, and, with a pretty matronly grace, half-proud, half-shy, was playing the hostess for the first time to her own people. Lady Armstrong and Janet were there, Lady Armstrong creaking uneasily in her wicker garden-chair, and Janet seated luxuriously amongst a heap of cushions and fur rugs upon the grass, on a level with a great blossoming bed of lilies-of-the-valley. Lady Drummond was there, too, and with her Estelle Verney.

"Don't go," Feena was entreating of this last; "you must not go—and alone. Wilfrid will be here directly"—looking at her watch; "he and papa rode to Southminster after luncheon. Wilfrid never misses my kettle-drum, and he will see you through the park after tea. And you have not been introduced to papa yet. You really cannot go until he comes."

"You need not heap up inducements," Estelle answered, smiling; "one is enough—the pleasure of making Sir James Armstrong's acquaintance." And she sat down again.

"Here they come!" said Feena, as the two gentlemen emerged from the belt of shrubs which shut off the stable entrance on that side. "How solemn and grim they both look! Some surly elector has heard that Sir Wilfrid Drummond goes in for female suffrage, and won't give him his vote, I dare say. Estelle, you and I will go canvassing together again. You can charm a vote out of the most obdurate Radical, and I will drink tea with the old women and nurse the babies. The most rabid opposers of woman-suffrage will be won through their womankind. What is the matter, papa?"—as Sir James approached. "Wilfrid"—jumping up in alarm—"what has happened?"

Sir Wilfrid looked grave; Sir James was agitated.

"My dear," he said, gently, we have brought some—ahem!"—clearing his throat—"some bad news."

Feena turned a little pale. Sir Wilfrid crossed over to Lady Armstrong.

"You are all here safe," she said, looking with a smile of reassurance from one to the other—"all but"—beginning to tremble—"Geordie. Oh, papa!"

"Geordie!" almost screamed Lady Armstrong, struggling up from her low seat. "Geordie!"

"No, no; it is not Geordie!" cried Sir James, growing red and flustered. "Dame, Geordie is safe and well. Dear, dear"—with an anxious look at Feena—"sit down again! How awkwardly I am managing it! It is sad enough; but it is not Geordie—thank heaven, it is not Geordie! Gentily, my dear,"—to Feena. "Don't agitate yourself"—taking off his glasses and wiping them—"it—in fact"—with nervous hesitation.

"What is it, James?" cried Lady Armstrong, whilst Feena's trembling fingers rattled ominously amongst her cups and saucers, and fair Janet lifted herself, white as a snowdrift, from amongst her crimson cushions. "What is it, James?"

CHAPTER XXXII.

"WHAT is it, James?" said Lady Armstrong, in trembling tones to her husband. "What is the bad news?"

"Christie," began Sir James.

"Christie!" echoed Feena, with a long-drawn sigh of relief.

"My dear," recommended Sir James, still directing all his solicitude towards Feena, "we must remember—it was a beautiful death—worthy of her life."

"Then she is—dead!" exclaimed Feena, with a shocked emphasis and a shudder.

"Yes, she is dead—dead girl! It is a great blow," went on Sir James, wiping his eyes. "It has been a sacrifice—worthy of her—worthy of her!"

Lady Armstrong and Janet were sobbing; Feena only looked down with a solemn, half-stunned gaze amongst the cropped daisies at her feet.

"How was it?" she asked, in a low hushed tone, presently.

"Cholera broke out amongst the men in the hospital; the 'Sisters' went back to Mirzapore to nurse them; they were on their way down to Madras before that. Two of them fell nobly at their post. Christie was one," said Sir James.

"Poor child! Poor dear Christie! Out there all alone! Such a sacrifice!" wept Lady Armstrong.

Feena only sat still with downcast eyes.

"Her death has atoned for all," she was saying to herself. "I am afraid I was hard on her. Papa is right; she was a devoted woman. Nobody is all bad. Poor Christie! That is the end, then!"

Sir James went over to his wife.

"She has borne it better than I expected," he whispered, to Sir Wilfrid, looking back anxiously at Feena. "I was terribly afraid of startling her." Then he set himself to comfort Lady Armstrong.

Lady Drummond was holding Janet's plump white hand and weeping gentle tears of sympathy with her. Sir Wilfrid wandered slowly back to his wife's side. Estelle remained alone in her place. They were not thinking of her; why should they be? This was a family grief; it belonged to them only; they had forgotten the stranger amongst them—all but Feena. She kept her face sedulously turned away from the shaded corner where the one to whom this might mean so much sat apart, with her heart turned to stone, and the pale lilac-petals dropping, in the sighing breeze, over her clasped hands and her uncovered head.

It seemed to Feena, in the long pause which followed, broken only by the silent weeping of the three ladies and the murmured consolations of Sir James, that there was a silence like the silence of death in that solitary corner under the lilac-bushes.

"Estelle," she said presently to her husband, without looking at him—she could not bear to meet his eyes with that name on her lips, that thought in her heart—"Estelle—she must go home. They dine early at the Rectory. I promised that you would walk with her across the park."

"Certainly," answered Sir Wilfrid, turning for the first time towards Miss Verney. He, too, had been unwilling to look towards that silent corner.

She rose as he came towards her and answered him in low, whispered tones, as if they were both in the presence of death. She "would not trouble" him, she said; she need disturb no one; she would slip away quietly, and he would make her adieux to Feena.

But Feena herself came forward, and then Sir James; and in the end both gentlemen insisted on escorting Miss Verney home.

"I have been sitting all day," Sir James said, "and I am quite cramped; the walk will do me good."

He talked all the way of the sad news just received. He and Sir Wilfrid had found the letter at Southminster; it had come by the afternoon's post. Geordie had written the melancholy details. He and Miss Melville had been together only a short time before, and it had been a great shock to his son, Sir James, said.

"Horrible climate out there!" he exclaimed. "Thank heaven, Geordie is coming home! He and Captain Mervyn are both coming with invalids. Mervyn will feel Christie's death as much as any of them—in fact, more. There is—in fact—Ah, well, there is no use of speaking of it now! Poor Mervyn is an unlucky fellow; nothing seems to go right for him. Even his Victoria Cross is to be weighted with a great sorrow."

Sir Wilfrid tried to turn the conversation; but Sir James ran on, full of his subject, and Miss Verney answered in strange, far away-sounding monosyllables, like a person half asleep.

"Poor, dear Christie!" sighed Sir James. "It is difficult to understand why such a life as hers should be cut short. She was a fine character, Miss Verney. You would have admired her if you could have met—a girl in a thousand! No nonsense about her, either—a practical, sensible woman, making the most of her time and her talents. I would have trusted her opinion upon any subject; I loved her as if she had been my own daughter. She is a great loss to us—a great loss."

They were at the gate leading into the rectory grounds now, and Estelle bade her escort adieu. As he took her hand Sir Wilfrid looked into her face for the first time. She had a sort of rigid, tense look, as if she were walking in her sleep.

"There was nothing like triumph or satisfaction," he said, afterwards, to Feena; "it seemed to me that she had had a greater shock than any of us."

"I am glad," Feena said, with a sigh of relief. "I could not have borne for even her to be glad. Poor Christie!"

There was no gladness in Estelle's heart, only a great shrinking and a great pity—the pity was for Tempest Mervyn, the shrinking for herself. She was like some poor soul who awakes from a deadly stupor which she had hoped was death, to find the sorrowful burden of life waiting to be taken up again.

"I thought it was all over," she cried, despairingly to herself, "and now—now it is all to begin again!"

"The moors, the moors! Oh, Estelle darling, take us up to the moors! We have a whole half-holiday, and it is so lovely there! You will come, won't you?"

Tim and Dorothy and little Lilian are hanging on Estelle's skirts, looking as eagerly into her eyes as if a fateful issue hung upon the forthcoming "Yes" or "No." And Estelle smiles upon the little group and puts away her work.

The Summer has been sweeping onwards, in all its pomp and splendor, like a royal progress through the land, and now August has come, and stands breathless on this burning afternoon, looking over its golden fields and its crimson-fruited orchards.

Up on the moors it is fresh and breezy even to-day, and Estelle and the children climb upwards through the cool green woods where the lady-ferns spread their graceful trains and dim moths flutter silently up as the young feet stir the tall lush grasses, or the eager fingers reach after a perfumy tassel of wild honeysuckle or a creamy-white bud of late-blossomed egantine.

Then the "dim green aisles" are left behind, and the great wide stretch of silent moor lies before them, all aflame with golden gorse and purple with blossoming heather. There is a sort of brooding glory, a sombre splendor over the hills as they rise and fall, all crowned with the rich deep shadows; a fringe of blue-black pines hangs upon the furthestmost ridge—a fitting border for the gold-and-purple centre. There is no sound of human life or presence save the glad young voices which come echoing back as the children spread themselves in a wild delight of freedom over the great billowy purple waste. The breeze blows freshly in Estelle's face, laden with the honey-sweet breath of a thousand flowers; the skylark's mounting song comes thrilling back through the lambent air. Estelle wanders on, her feet sinking in the crisp purple-red blossoms, her eyes fixed with a strange sort of expectation, for which she chides herself, upon the dusky horizon-line of pines which hides the white gleam of the long winding Southminster Road.

All day Estelle had been restless, feverish, and strangely over-wrought; all day she has been struggling with that vague expectation which makes her heart beat wildly and her pulses tremble even now in the restful solitude of the deserted moorland.

Surely there must be a thunderstorm threatening somewhere in the sultry distance! Yet the air is clear as amber, the sky a deep

sapphire blue, without a fleck of cloud. The children are chasing butterflies and wading knee-deep through the pungent-scented heather. Estelle is drawn onwards by the superstitious spell which is over her. She will first glance once at the white dusty road, and so quiet the imperative voice which is calling her against her will. And so at last she reaches the little pine grove. One of the long straight stems has been felled, and she seats herself upon it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANNUAL BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.

THE twenty-ninth fancy dress ball of the Liederkranz Society of New York was held at the Academy of Music, on February 9th. The decorations of the Academy were chiefly floral, and were not numerous. The lobby entrances to the balconies were flanked with large vases, covered with silver foil, and filled with tall lilies and roses and other cut flowers, while over the doorway of the main aisle, and hanging between two similar vases, was a large wreath of smilax and roses, in the centre of which were the letters "L. K." set in tiny crimson buds. The edge of the dancing platform was ornamented with vases of cut flowers also, and between the vases at the various entrances stood guards in arms on sentry duty, with spears in their hands. Boxes ranged at the back of the stage converged in a bower or throne over the heads of the dancers. In the alcoves underneath these boxes there were displayed large cartoons of members of the society. The ball was opened at ten o'clock with a procession of thirty-two couples, dressed to represent various characters, and led by Prince and Princess Carnival and R. Steinbecke as Louis XIV. and master of the ceremonies. There were also represented a Louis XIII., and there were numerous other kings, queens, princes, and princesses of various nationalities, besides several Don Carloses, a Lord Burleigh, a Count Egmont, a Henry of Navarre, a Sir Walter Raleigh and a Mary Stuart.

After the procession there were the usual scenes of utterly antagonistic characters dancing together—unsus with demons, priests with gypsies, Oscar Wilde and Isabella of Spain, and "Michael Strogoff" and the "Colleen Bawn." There were dominoes of all shades and colors, men in German uniforms, several "Patiences," fast boys, rivaudiers, Roman costumes, Chinese mandarins, Mexicans, Poles, post-office carriers, the "Two Orphans," and harlequins. Van Dyke and the Jack of Spades were closely pursued by "the lively grasshopper."

The ladies' orders were quite pretty in design, and were gotten up in crimson and gold. The design was that of a money purse of crimson velvet, and on one side two masqueraders were dancing in front of a golden lyre. On the other, Cupid, attired in a pair of gaudy wings, was shooting an arrow at a target, with two turtle-doves flying in front of him. One of these orders was given to each lady on her arrival. Twenty-seven dances occupied the attention of the participants until nearly daylight.

THE LATE GENERAL ELIJAH WARD.

THE Hon. Elijah Ward, who died at Roslyn, Long Island, on the 17th instant, had been for a long period a conspicuous figure in the politics of New York. Born at Sing Sing, September 16th, 1816, he early prepared himself for the profession of the law, although designed by his parents for a mercantile career, and for some time prosecuted his studies under the direction of his uncle, General Aaron Ward. In 1838 he entered the Law School of the University of New York, then a young institution, numbering among its professors the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, the Hon. William Kent, afterwards Chancellor of the State of New York, and William Graham. He was elected President of the Mercantile Library Association of New York City in 1839, an institution in which he had long taken an active interest. He was a thorough student of political economy, having begun its study early in life. In the year 1843 he was admitted to the practice of the law, graduating from the office of the Hon. W. W. Campbell, with whom he had completed his studies. About the year 1853 he was made Judge-Advocate of the State of New York and appointed on Governor Seymour's staff, with the rank of brigadier-general. About this time he began to take an active part in politics, and in 1857 he was elected to Congress over George Briggs, the candidate of the "Native American" ticket, and General James W. Nyce, the Republican aspirant. Mr. Ward was a consistent Democrat in political faith. On the 31st of March, 1858, he spoke in Congress on the "Nationality of the Democratic Party and its Importance to the Union," urging the granting of Kansas to the powers of State government. He was a member of the Committee on the District of Columbia in the Thirty-fifth Congress. In 1858 he was defeated for Congress, but was returned from his district in 1860, taking his seat in the Thirty-seventh Congress, and being elected in 1862 to the Thirty-eighth. He served successively on the Committees on Roads and Canals and on Commerce, and then, and later, favored a vigorous prosecution of the war for the Union. In 1864 he again ran for Congress, but was defeated by the Republican candidate, the Hon. Henry J. Raymond. He was always conspicuous for his advocacy of a free canal policy, and his support of all measures designed to increase our agricultural, manufacturing and commercial prosperity. In 1865 General Ward spent some months in foreign travel. In October, 1874, he again came into prominence as the Democratic candidate for Congress, and was elected over the Hon. John D. Lawson. In running for re-election in 1876 he was defeated by General McCook.

While he occupied the position of Judge-Advocate and Brigadier-General a presentation sword and gold gorget were given him, trophies he always preserved with great care, and of which he was very proud. General Ward was a man of pure life, and of large practical ability, a staunch friend, and a citizen in every respect worthy of the honors of which he was the recipient, no less than of the encomiums which are lavished upon his memory now that he is dead.

COUNT VON WALTERSEE, ASSISTANT TO VON MOLTKE.

COUNT VON WALTERSEE, the assistant and presumptive successor to the venerable Field Marshal von Moltke, of the General Staff of the German Army, is well known in military circles for his services in the field and his writings in the office. The only complete work on the Danish war, based on official sources and published half anonymously, emanated from his pen. It is a somewhat curious coincidence that both the present and future chief of the grand general staff should have married Anglo-Saxon wives. Count von Moltke wedded an Englishwoman, while Count von Waltersee is married to an American lady of the name of Lee, from New York, the widow of Prince Frederick Emile August of Schleswig-Holstein. Thus Count von Waltersee is connected by marriage, if not but slightly, perhaps, with the royal families both of England and Prussia. The count goes to Berlin with a reputation for other recommendable qualities besides great accomplishments in all the principles and details of his profession. He is a man of tall and most distinguished military presence and polished manners, combining in a high degree the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*—an attainment which is by no means common in Prussia in any

sphere of life whatever, especially in army circles. In fact, in addition to being an illustrious soldier, Count Waltersee is also a brilliant courtier—an impression which General Roberts and his critical colleagues from England did not fail to carry away with them from Hanover, when, last Autumn, they attended the manoeuvres of the Tenth Army Corps, and were objects of so much hospitable attention from the chief of its staff.

A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT.

AN attractive and interesting feature was introduced into a recent entertainment given by the young people of the Harlem Congregational Church, in Association Hall, at One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Street and Fourth Avenue. This unique feature was a "broom drill" by seventeen young women, dressed in suits of white unbleached muslin, trimmed with turkey red and in Zouave hats. Under the lead of their captain, Miss Florence Timpon, who was armed with an elongated feather duster, this band of Amazons went through the complete manual of arms, showing marked efficiency in the use of their special implements. They were especially formidable when they formed a hollow square and "charged brooms," their appearance suggesting that they would be dangerous assailants if provoked to the use of the broomstick. The novelty of the entertainment made it peculiarly enjoyable to everybody present. The "Broom Drill" is likely to become a special attraction of church fairs, taking the place of the spelling-bee and other worn-out features of these entertainments.

HON. CHARLES E. PATTERSON.

CHARLES E. PATTERSON, who was elected Speaker of the New York Assembly on February 2d, is the representative from the First District of Rensselaer County, embracing the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Wards of the City of Troy. He was born at Corinth, Vt., May 3d, 1842, and after receiving a liberal preparatory course at Castleton (Vt.) Seminary, and Cambridge (N. Y.) Academy, finished his studies at Union College. He then entered the profession of law, and from 1860 has been in active practice in Troy. Although for many years identified with the history of the city and with the Democratic Party, he never held any public position until elected a member of the present Legislature. His personal popularity raised the Democratic majority from 2,788 in 1879, to 4,201, his competitor being Walter L. Pratt, Greenbacker, the Republicans entering no candidate.

Matrimonial Habits and Customs of the English People.

IF the year 1879 be taken as a fair test of the matrimonial habits and customs of English people, it would appear that the disproportion in age between husbands and wives is not usually very great, and that only in quite exceptional cases either spouse is old enough to be the parent of the other. From the statistics of the Register General it seems that the great majority of persons marry when they are within a few years' age of one another. Thus the number of men who were themselves between 21 and 30, and who married wives also between 21 and 30, is about 70,000, or very nearly half of the total number married during the year. Moreover, of the 12,800 men who married in their nonage, scarcely as many as 400 married women of more than 25; while, even among women, the proportion of minors who married old men is quite insignificant. If a rule were in existence prohibiting all marriages between persons one of whom was old enough to be the parent of the other, it would not, as it seems, have prevented more than about a thousand persons of each sex from making themselves happy. Drawing a line even at fifteen years, and supposing that a disparity in age of this amount were a bar to matrimony, it is found that about 2,120 men would have been disqualified from marrying women younger than themselves, while 101 "middle aged" would have been similarly prevented from bestowing their hands and hearts upon comparatively juvenile cavaliers. Turning from the general tables to those which tell of the widows and widowers, it will be found that the latter usually reach a tolerably advanced age before they venture for the second time into the hymeneal contract—especially if it is with a widow. From 35 to 55 is the favorite age for widowers to marry widows, and there are almost the same number of bridegrooms found among them at each of the years included in these two decades. Those of the bereaved husbands who marry spinsters are, however, much younger in their generation, and there are nearly 4,000 of them between the ages of 25 and 35, against only about 800 who marry widows.

The Weaknesses of the Great.

SWIFT relieved his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants with cords—on one occasion he insisted on harnessing his learned and respectable friend Dr. Sheridan—and driving them up and down the stairs and through the rooms of his deanery. Peter the Great sought to unbend himself by being wheeled over the flower-beds and neat parterres of his host's garden in a wheelbarrow. Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs, arranged in positions varying according to the degrees of difficulty in clearing them. Of this weakness on the part of his Excellency an amusing anecdote is told. On one occasion, while engaged in these athletics, he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entering the room, surprised the great man in his undignified pursuit. It was an embarrassing position, for Mazarin was, he knew, as haughty as he was eccentric. But the young man was equal to the crisis. Assuming the kindest interest in the proceeding, he exclaimed, with well-forged earnestness: "I will bet your Eminence two gold pieces I can beat that jump." He had struck the right chord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with the Prime Minister, whom he took care not to beat. He lost his two gold pieces, but he gained before long a mitre. Samuel Clarke relieved his theological pursuits in the same way, and on one occasion seeing a pedantic fellow approaching, said to the pupil who was sharing his amusement: "Now we must stop, for a fool is coming in." Old Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," the only book which got Dr. Johnson out of his bed two hours before he intended to rise, found his chief recreation in going down to Folly Bridge at Oxford and listening to the ribaldry of the bargees, "which did clear away his vapours, and make him laugh as he would die." Innocent III., probably the greatest pontiff who ever sat on the throne of St. Peter, relieved his graver amusement of playing at ninepins with the potentates of Europe by gossiping familiarly with an old monk on a seat at a fountain in the Vatican. He would listen for hours to the stories and pointless anecdotes with which his humble companion, who had traveled a great deal, regaled him. The lighter hours of good Bishop Corbet have been very graphically described by one who knew him well. His lordship's favorite companion was his chaplain, Dr. Lushington. When the business of the day was over, the Bishop delighted to descend with his faithful henchman into the collar of the episcopal palace. Corbet would then doff his hood,

saying, "There lies the doctor;" he would then divest himself of his gown, adding: "There lies the Bishop." The glasses were filled, and the toast was drunk, "Here's to thee, Lushington"; "Here's to thee, Corbet." The celebrated Dean Aldrich was the slave of his pipe. There is a story which not only amusingly illustrates this weakness on the part of the Dean, but gives us a curious glimpse of the free and easy way in which the dons and undergraduates of those days used to live. A senior student laid a wager with one of his college chums that the Dean was at that instant smoking his pipe, that instant being about ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, he went to the deanery, where, having made his way into the Dean's study, he explained the reason of his appearance at so early an hour. "Ah," replied the Dean, with the utmost coolness, "you have lost your wager, for I am not smoking, but filling my pipe."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

On May 15th next an exhibition of minerals and objects illustrating ceramics and the manufacture of glass will be opened at Madrid.

A Pennsylvania Firm is manufacturing paper at Savannah from what is called "the saw palmetto," a material heretofore regarded as nearly useless. The paper is said to be of superior quality, and especially useful as transfer paper, which has heretofore been imported.

At Nordrup, near Ringstead, Denmark, an interesting discovery has been made. At a depth of only a few feet in a deposit of pumice-stone the remains of seven human bodies were found, together with numerous bronze objects, urns, gold rings, Roman glasses, mosaics, glass beads, etc. A similar discovery was made at the same spot some years ago.

Near Caltanissetta, Sicily, a series of caverns have been discovered, which are evidently burial-places dating from the period when the ancient Sicilians had already been ousted by the Italian tribes, but before the Greek colonization had begun. Their arrangement is similar to the tombs at Pantalica, Acri and Girgenti. In the neighborhood of the caverns are numerous remains of ancient buildings and other proofs of the existence of an ancient populous colony. The spot derives its name from the hill of Gibil Gabi.

A Valuable Discovery has lately been made in a quarry at Dillingen, near Saarbrücken. Some workmen found in a small cavity a bronze vessel containing gold and silver ornaments of partly beautiful and partly very coarse workmanship. Amongst them is a golden disk of eight centimetres in diameter richly covered with rubies, emeralds, and filigree-work; also a silver object weighing over 150 grammes, and bearing inscriptions in Latin, Greek and unknown characters. The proprietor of the quarry will present the objects found to the Bavarian National Museum.

The Council of the Meteorological Society have determined upon holding an Exhibition of Anemometers at the Institution of Civil Engineers, No. 25 Great George Street, London, on the evening of March 15th next. The Committee are anxious to obtain as large a collection as possible of various patterns of anemometers, either full size, models, photographs or drawings. Special interest will attach to all apparatus bearing upon the history of anemometers and to their modification and improvement. The Committee will also be glad to show any new meteorological apparatus invented and first constructed since the last Exhibition.

Admiral Mouchez will give his usual annual *soirée* at the Paris Observatory in March. He has distributed to the leading Parisian engineering firms the conditions for the construction of the cupola for the great equatorial to be built in the newly annexed grounds. The diameter of the revolving cupola is to be twenty metres. The form must be hemispherical. The time required for rapid revolution is ten minutes. It is to revolve in the same direction as the heavens, and the mechanism will cause the revolution of a seat for two astronomers. The dimensions of the moving platform are one metre by two. The competitors are to employ either a falling weight or a gas engine as motor. In this case the motor must be placed at a distance outside.

Military Surgeons are familiar with the remarkable attitude retained by soldiers who have died on the battlefield. Recent experiments by M. Brown-Séguin throw some light on the phenomenon. It is proved (1) that a true muscular contraction may occur a certain time after as well as before death, and that this contraction may last long, and pass into the state of cadaveric rigidity, or disappear completely, so that one may then recognize the persistence of muscular irritability; (2) that of the different parts of the brain, the cerebellum has most power of producing contraction after death; (3) that the retention, by soldiers killed on the battlefield, of the attitude they had before death, depends not on a sudden occurrence of cadaveric rigidity, but on the production of a true contraction.

Among the Many unexpected developments of electrical science is an application to the hiving of bees when they swarm, successfully tried by German experimenters. It was thought that by utilizing the electric force the bees might be stupefied for the necessary period of time without being injured, and the result proved the correctness of the idea. The first attempt was made upon the bees that had gathered upon trees, the insects falling upon the ground in a kind of trance, which admitted of their being safely handled. The next stage in the experiment was to capture the bees when they were about to swarm. By introducing the ends of two connecting wires into a fully occupied honeycomb, and turning on the current, the bees were rendered inactive for about thirty minutes, while no bad results appeared to follow their awakening.

The Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the year ended December 31st, 1881, shows that the total receipts of the office during the year from all sources were \$553,665.89, and the expenditures \$605,173.23. The total balance in the Treasury of the United States on account of the Patent Fund on January 1st, 1882, amounted to \$1,880,110.32. Acting Commissioner Stockbridge in his report says: The receipts of the office during the past year exceed those of any previous year by nearly \$100,000, and the excess of receipts over expenditures (\$248,492.61) has been correspondingly greater. The number of applications for patents for inventions, designs and reissues during the year was 26,959; caveats filed, applications for registration of trademarks, labels, etc., 4,183. During the year there were issued 17,620 patents and designs, as against 16,584 for the year ending December 31st, 1880.

A Scheme is on foot, having been approved by the Municipal Council of Paris, for extensively lighting with electricity the quarters of the Prefecture of the Seine, in the Tuilleries. It is the work of M. Cernisson, and comprises lighting the Salle des Séances with eighty Swan lamps (in place of eighty Carcel lamps), and six Siemens arc-lamps; lighting the library with forty-eight Maxim incandescent lamps (on the present lustres); another room with twenty-four Lane-Fox incandescent lamps; another with twenty Swan lamps; the Salle des Pas-Perdus with two Werdermann lamps; a lobby with two Siemens lamps, and a staircase with four Brush lamps. The whole will require an outlay of 75,000 francs. The horse-power necessary is forty-four, and while the idea of obtaining this from the Seine has been considered, it has been decided to set up a gas engine in the court of the Tuilleries. A portion of the motor force is to be employed for electric hoists, for driving ventilators, and other uses.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

B. B. HOTCHKISS, formerly of New York, has been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor.

GENERAL WALLACE, the United States Minister, has had another pleasant interview with the Sultan.

The Mississippi Senate has passed a Bill appropriating \$50,000 for the encouragement of immigration.

St. Louis has awarded to W. W. Gardiner, a local sculptor, the contract for a large bronze statue of Frank P. Blair, Jr.

OSCAR WILDE has discarded knee-breeches for the remainder of his American trip. He will probably return to England in April.

At the annual meeting of the Academy of Sciences, in Paris, the Lalande Astronomy Prize was awarded to Professor Swift, of Rochester, N. Y.

KURODA has been appointed private adviser to the Mikado, the most influential position in the Empire. The appointment is disapproved by the native press.

ILLINOIS men say that Secretary of War Lincoln will succeed in the Senate, in 1885, David Davis, appointed to the Supreme Bench by Lincoln's father.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL will soon publish in English and French, with the approval of the Pope, a pamphlet on the relations between Great Britain and the Vatican.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR will give his first State dinner to his Cabinet on the 14th instant, and it is said that Messrs. Sargent and Chandler will be appointed before that time.

KING KALAKAUA is fitting up the new royal palace at Honolulu, which has cost about a quarter of a million, and has sent his chamberlain to this country after the furniture.

JAPANESE journals say that Hon. John A. Bingham, United States Minister, will accept an appointment on the staff of the Japanese Ministry of Justice, which is sadly disorganized.

A SPECIAL meeting of the Maine Historical Society has been called at Portland, February 27th, in honor of the poet Henry W. Longfellow, whose seventy-fifth birthday occurs on that date.

THE fund for the relief of the widow and children of the late Governor Wiltz of Louisiana has reached about \$12,000, which has been securely invested in stocks and turned over to Mrs. Wiltz.

BISHOP COLENSO's name has been struck from the list of the English clergy, and thus he is no longer officially recognized as Bishop of Natal. A singular feature of the case is that his salary goes on as of old.

SINCE his retirement from the Supreme Court, Justice Strong has undertaken to deliver, before the Law School of the Columbian University, at Washington, a series of lectures on "The History of the Constitution."

THE Rev. E. C. Milne, Pastor of Unity Church, Chicago, at which the Rev. Robert Collyer formerly officiated, in his sermon on February 5th, abandoned his belief in a personal Deity and in the immortality of man. There is intense commotion among the congregation regarding it.

ON February 3d Cheng Tsao Ju, the Chinese Minister, together with Chin Chi Young, a secretary of the Legation, and an interpreter, visited the Smithsonian Institution, accompanied by Dr. Peter Parker, the former American Minister to China. The party inspected both the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum.

MR. E. L. DWYER, who is so closely associated with the recent growth of our trade with Mexico, is about to return in connection with a large industrial enterprise in the interior of the country. His energy, experience and popularity with the Mexicans will enable him to promote the success of this enterprise in which several American capitalists are interested.

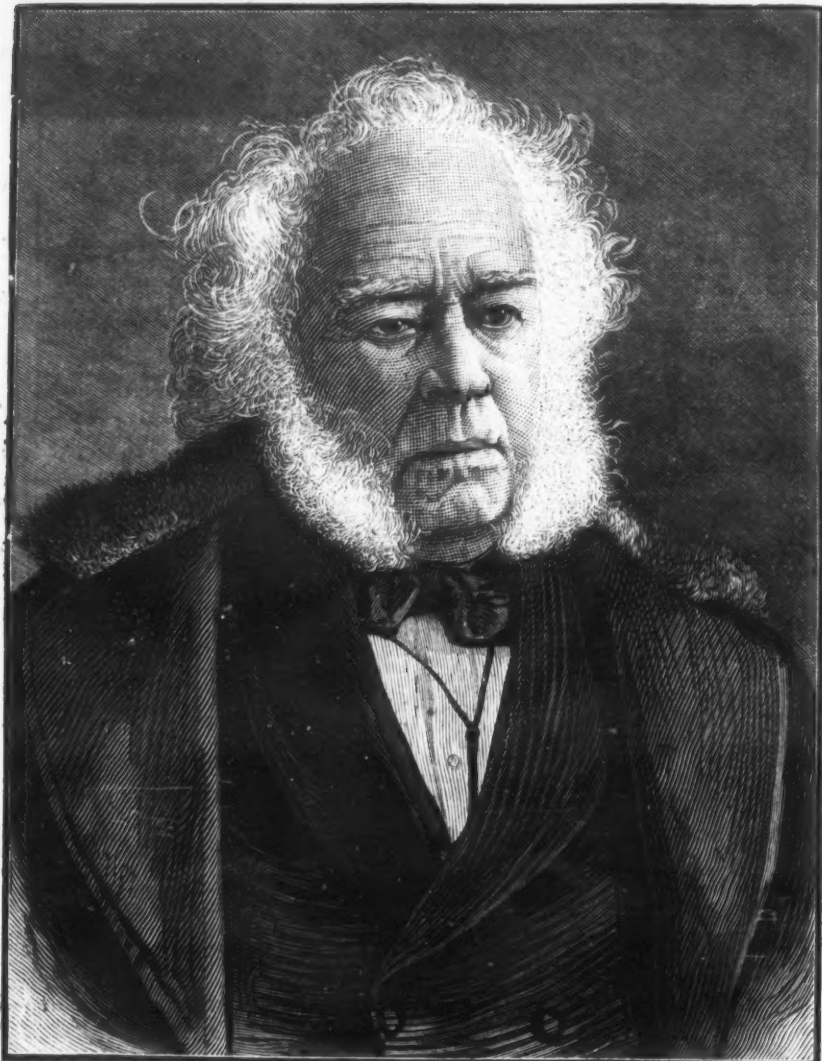
At the exhibition of the Women's Silk Culture Association in Philadelphia, on February 8th, Mrs. Rebecca Taylor received the first prize of \$200 for the best cocoons, which counted 157 to the quarter pound, and yielded 1½ ounces of silk and 2½ ounces of waste. Mrs. Taylor lives at Kennett Square, Delaware County, Pa., and is the mother of the late Bayard Taylor. She is eighty-two years of age.

THE silver wedding of the King and Queen of Sweden will be celebrated with great pomp at Stockholm on the 6th of June. Two other similar anniversaries in Royal and Serene circles occur this year, one being that of Princess Ida of Liechtenstein and Prince Adolf of Schwarzenberg on the 4th of June, and the other that of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia and Princess Olga, on the 28th of August.

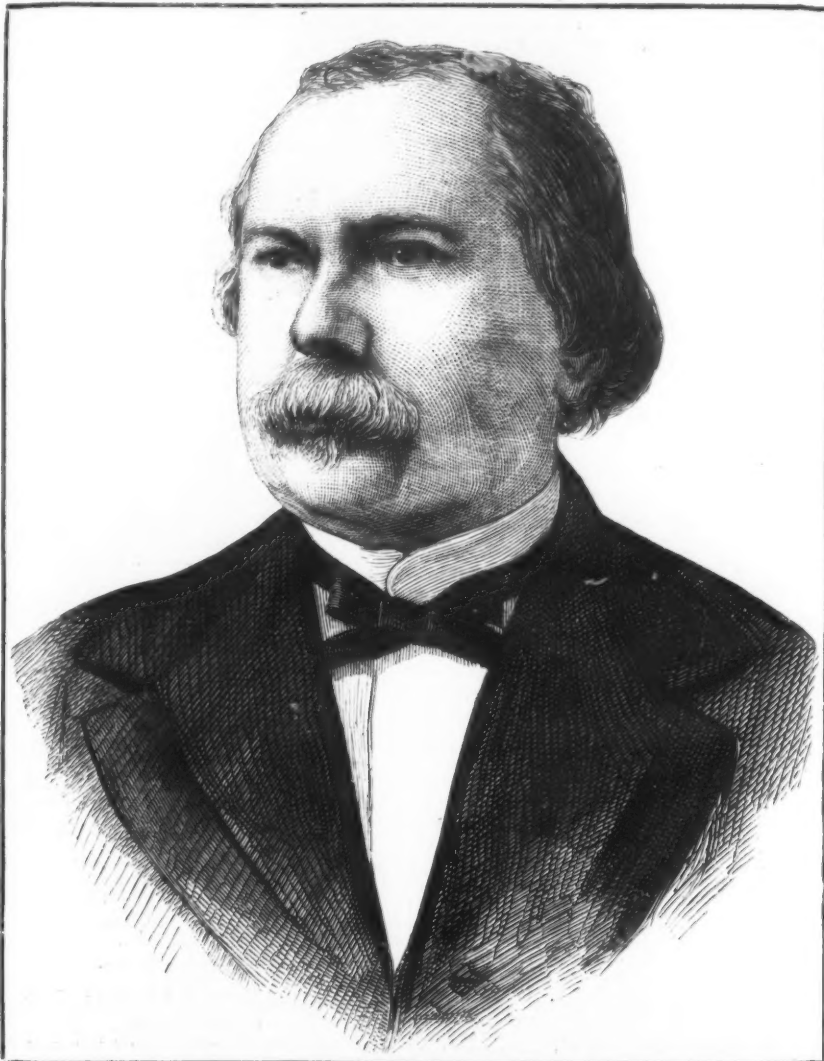
THE Khédive of Egypt says he is opposed to polygamy, and is working to make his people content with one wife for each husband. He wants to inspire them with a liberal feeling towards all religious beliefs, and to make them respectful to Christians and Jews as well as to people of their own faith. He has given land at Cairo for a Protestant mission, and in Upper Egypt for another. He does not expect to change his religion nor to ask other people to change theirs. He has about \$500,000 a year for spending money, and is obliged to be much more economical than his predecessor, who spent \$10,000,000 a year on his harem.

An army officer of high rank says that General Rucker, who was nominated for Quartermaster-General to succeed General Meigs, retired, will soon be retired, and will be succeeded by General Rufus Ingalls, and that shortly thereafter General Ingalls will in turn be retired and be succeeded by Colonel Samuel B. Holabird, of the Quartermaster's Department. Colonel Holabird was born in Connecticut, and was appointed a cadet at the Military Academy in 1845. In 1861 he was promoted to Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, and in 1866 he was promoted to be Deputy Quartermaster-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

OBITUARY.—February 3d.—At Washington, D. C., Thomas J. Durant, counsel on the part of the United States before the American and Spanish Claims Commission, aged 64. February 5th.—At Everett, Mass., General William W. Bullock, a veteran of the war, and identified with the State militia for many years, aged 62. February 6th.—Sir William Palliser, the inventor of a projectile bearing his name, and of improvements in the construction of heavy guns, aged 52; Ezra Wilkinson, Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, at Dedham, aged 81. February 7th.—At Roslyn, Long Island, General Elijah Ward, several times member of Congress, and a lawyer by profession, aged 65; Rev. Dr. Sewall S. Cutting, for many years Professor of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester, and Secretary of the American Baptist Educational Commission, at Brooklyn, aged 69. February 8th.—Hon. Charles Fox, ex-Judge of the Superior Court of Ohio, and the oldest member of the Cincinnati Bar, as well as that of the United States Supreme Court, aged 84; at London, the Earl of Lonsdale, husband of one of the professional beauties, aged 27; at Cannes, Berthold Auerbach, the distinguished novelist, aged 70. February 9th.—Joseph Decaise, the distinguished botanist, and professor in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, aged 75.—A special dispatch from Cettigne to the Vienna Press says news has reached there that Mr. Stillman, correspondent of the London Times, formerly American consul at Crete, and correspondent of the New York Tribune, has been murdered by a party of Arnauts near Ipek, in Albania.



GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.—FROM A PHOTO. BY SARONY.



THE LATE GENERAL ELIJAH WARD.—SEE PAGE 451.

A VETERAN JOURNALIST'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB, who on the 8th instant celebrated his eightieth birthday at his residence in this city, is the last survivor of the old school of New York editors, which Bryant, Bennett, Greeley and Raymond helped to make both powerful and famous. While his career was fuller of storm and conflict than that of either of

his contemporaries, and it was scarcely to be expected that his life would be crowned at last by the calm and peace of a hale old age, such is the fact, and it is not impossible that he may yet be spared for many years to enjoy the contemplation of a past which has been crowded with eventful incidents and important achievements. His fine martial figure is still apparently as strong and commanding as it ever was; he looks, indeed, like a remarkably well-preserved man of sixty, hale and hearty, with

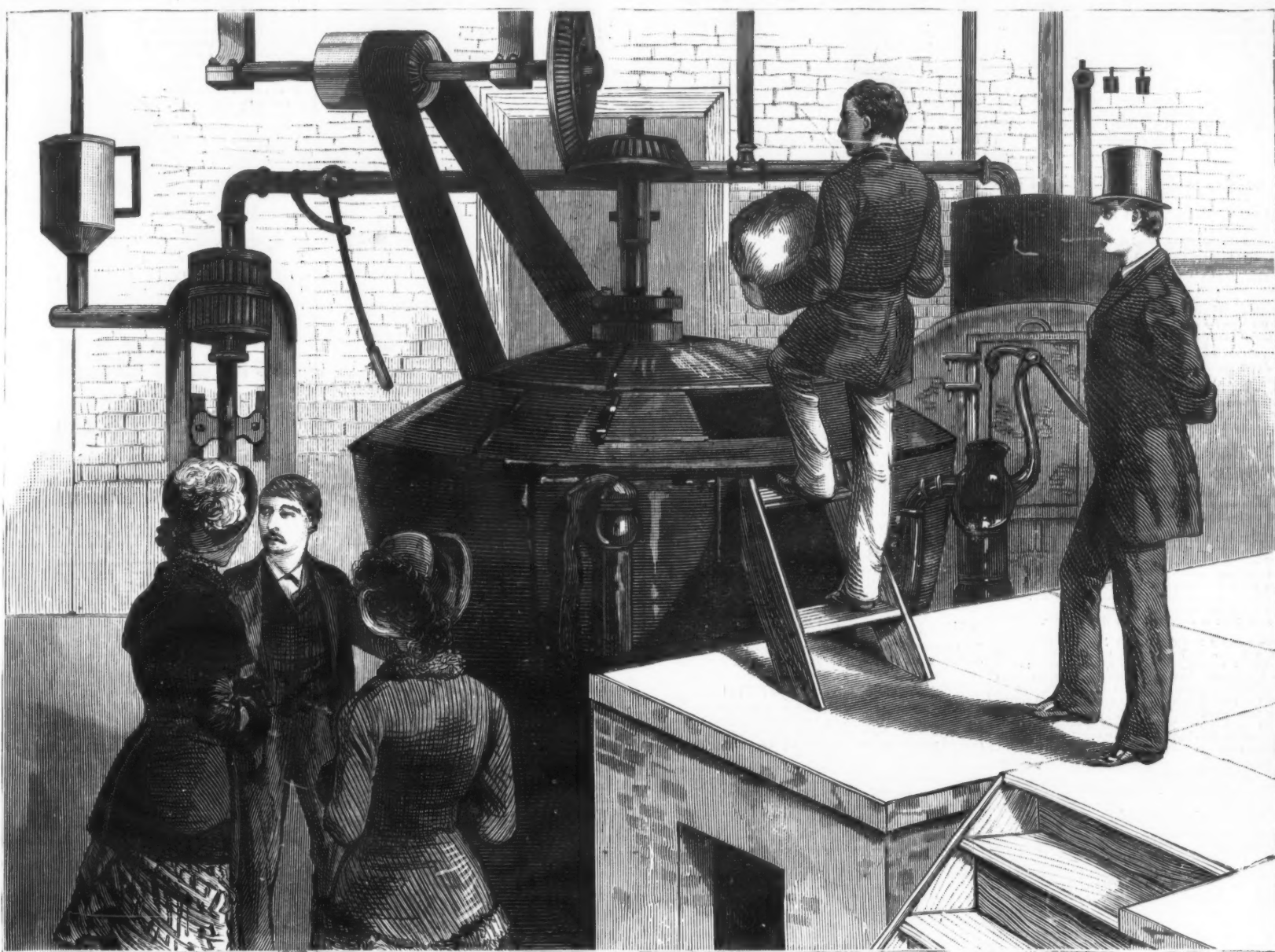
a clear, bright eye, and a mind and memory of remarkable vigor.

General Webb was born in Claverack, Columbia County. His father was General Samuel B. Webb, of Wethersfield, Conn., and he is a descendant of Richard Webb, who was made a freeman of Boston in 1632, and settled in Hartford in 1635. James Watson Webb was devoted by his relations to mercantile pursuits, but he ran away, and by Mr. Calhoun, at that time Secretary of War, was appointed

a lieutenant of artillery. He served in the West. In 1823 he married Helen Lispenard, daughter of Alexander L. Stewart, of this city, and granddaughter of Anthony Lispenard. As an army officer he fought two duels, dueling at that time being a common practice. In 1827 he resigned his commission, and became proprietor and editor of the *Morning Courier*, and two years later he purchased the *Enquirer*. James Gordon Bennett was a reporter for the latter paper at the time. The "Pony Ex-



NEW YORK.—NOVEL "BROOM DRILL" AT AN ENTERTAINMENT OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF HARLEM, JANUARY 30TH.—SEE PAGE 451.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—THE DESTRUCTION OF DISUSED CURRENCY IN THE "MASTICATOR," AT THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

press" was organized by General Webb, and brought news from Washington twenty-four hours earlier than had been customary.

In 1844 General Webb fought a duel, on account of a political difference, with Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. Two shots were fired, the second shot of his opponent striking General Webb in the knee. General Webb was sentenced to two years at hard labor in the State prison, but a petition for his pardon, bearing 1,700 names was sent to the Governor, and he was released after passing ten days in the toms. In 1848 General Webb lost his wife. He afterwards married a daughter of Jacob Cram, of New York City. In 1849 he was appointed Minister to Austria, but the Senate refused to confirm him—Mr. Clay taking the lead in the opposition to him. After eighteen years of personal devotion to Mr. Clay, General Webb had advocated the nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency in preference to his old chief. No one individual in this country was so intimately acquainted with its public men, and so closely connected with all the political events of the day, from 1827 to 1850, as was General Webb.

At the opening of the rebellion General Webb applied to be appointed a major-general in the Union service. He was offered the rank of brigadier-general, but, adopting the advice of his friend, General Scott, refused to accept it. Without his knowledge he was appointed Minister to Constantinople. He declined this position, but afterwards accepted the appointment of Minister to Brazil. When Louis Napoleon came to this country as an exile, in 1835, he became acquainted with General Webb, and the friendship then formed lasted until the death of the Emperor. General Webb sailed for

day of the distinguished veteran was of a private character, and was marked by genuine enjoyment by all the fortunate participants. May he long survive in the enjoyment of the honors he has fairly earned.

A HANDSOME LECTURN.

ON this page we give an illustration of a handsome bronze lecturn, which was recently placed in the Church of the Holy Trinity, at the corner of Montague and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, of which Rev. Charles H. Hall is rector. The lecturn is designed as a memorial of the late John H. Vanostrand, by his wife and son, and is, in both design and finish, worthy of the place and the donors.

HOW MUTILATED CURRENCY IS DISPOSED OF.

WE illustrate on this page the process by which soiled and worn-out Federal currency is destroyed in the Government masticator in the basement of the Treasury building at Washington. The masticator, which is somewhat similar to the machinery used by paper-makers in disintegrating rags, is under the control of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of the Currency and the United States Treasurer, each of whom has a key to



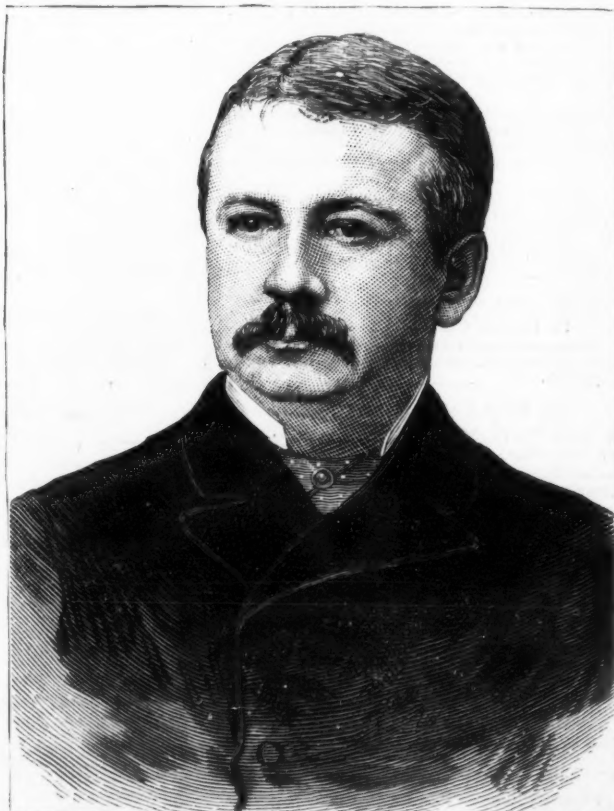
NEW YORK.—NEW LECTURN IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, BROOKLYN.

Brazil via Europe, and called upon the Emperor at Fontainebleau. He remained at his post in Rio Janeiro for four years. The stormy times through which he passed are matters of history. The crowning success of his mission, according to himself, was an arrangement made with the Emperor Napoleon, on the 10th of November, 1863, for his peaceful retirement from Mexico.

General Webb was a Whig in politics, and his paper was a power in molding the policy of that historic party. He never permitted his political views to interfere with his social relations. Calhoun and Cass, although opposed to him in politics for many years, remained his fast friends until they died. He gathered around him in the editorial rooms of the *Courier and Enquirer* men of extensive acquirements and brilliant powers, but they were all subordinate to his will. He was supreme in the conduct of his paper, and always held himself responsible for what appeared in its columns. In the early stages of his editorial life he had an inclination for controversial discussion, but advancing years mellowed his temper and softened the tone of his journalistic discussions. The celebration of the eightieth birth-



COUNT VON WALTERSEE, NEWLY-APPOINTED ASSISTANT TO FIELD-MARSHAL VON MOLTKE.—SEE PAGE 451.



HON. CHARLES EDWARD PATTERSON, SPEAKER OF THE NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.—PHOTO, BY NOTTMAN.—SEE PAGE 451.

the door by which access is had to its interior. The three locks are so arranged that without the use of all the keys the door cannot be opened. When it is proposed to put the machine in operation, these gentlemen proceed together to the room where it is located, each applies his key, so as to unlock the door, the currency is placed in the hopper, the door is re locked, and the work of mastication or grinding begins—the officials being then, and not before, at liberty to retire. The machine runs forty-eight hours at a time. The pulp, being drawn off, is made into mementoes of one sort or another—paper-weights being one of the most common—the currency being thus, even in its last estate, ornamental as well as useful.

FUN.

It is the early Mormon who catches the most wives.

When a man makes his will he is preparing for a dead give-away.

POTATOES are getting so high in price that only the Colorado beetles can afford to eat them now.

COUNTRY GIRL: "Please, miss, I'm glad I met you, 'cos mother's a-goin' to send some eggs and butter round to yew'r pa, the rector, and she do so want to know if you think he'll accept 'em. She sees she do 'ope he will, as she's a-goin' to ask him a very great favor soon."

A WAYWARD youth in an inland college perpetrated a bad grind on his dignified Greek professor the other day. Called upon for a translation from Homer, where he speaks of the Trojan women washing their clothing by the sea, he very demurely asked his teacher "if in his opinion they were the origin of the Troy laundry."

AT THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.—His Honor (to the bride-elect): "Are you willing to take Mr. X., here present, as your husband?" Bride-elect: "Thank you, sir! I am not!" His Honor (flabbergasted): "But, my child, you should have said so before coming here!" Bride-elect: "Oh, sir, you are the first person that has consulted my wishes in the matter!"

A PLUMBER went forth to plumb, To a kingly palace by the way, And when his hal' day's work was done Presented his bill without delay. The king brought forth his bags of gold, His diamonds and his jeweled crown, The plumber credit gave for them, And took a mortgage on the throne.

HE was asking the conductor how he managed to build a house and buy a fast horse out of his fifty dollars a month. "You see," said this noble man, "sometimes we get a way passenger who pays a quarter or a half dollar for his fare. Well, we flip the money up—heads for the conductor, tails for the company." "But," persisted the investigator after truth, "sometimes it must turn up tails. What do you do then?" "Oh," replied the conductor, with an ineffable contempt, "then we flip it up again." So that passenger went home and sold his railroad shares.

FINANCIAL.

[Customers' Weekly Circular of the Wall Street Markets. By HENRY L. RAYMOND & Co., Stock-brokers, No. 4 Pine Street, New York.]

"The gross earnings of 47 railroads for the month of January are reported by the *Financial Chronicle* at \$17,596,489, a net increase of \$3,529,944 over those for the same month last year. Of the 47 roads whose returns are given, only nine show a decrease in gross earnings, but the loss in the aggregate is merely nominal. The bull side of the market has been heavily reinforced during the past week. We look for a big rise in the market, and, backed by vast and powerful monetary influences, it is likely the advance will be such as occurred in 1879. It would appear, therefore, that a sustained bull movement is about to take place, and persons wishing to invest from \$50 to \$1,000, or more, in Wall Street, may write to us, and any information or advice desired will be cheerfully given; also a carefully compiled book on railroad statistics, in which the capital stock of each railroad is given, its debts, earnings, cost of running, length, dividends and general facts."

THE annual statement of the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York, which appears in another column of this paper, presents an enviable and commendable record of business success and integrity. The Mutual Life is not only the largest insurance company in the world, but the proof which its Annual Statement offers year by year demonstrates that its strength is equal to its size. The record of the business of 1881 shows an increase gratifying to policy holders, and creditable to officers and managers in nearly all the items on the right side of the ledger, for the details of which the statement may be consulted. The clamor of a few years since about the reduction of rates by the Mutual Life appears to have wholly subsided, and the company may safely challenge the results to prove the wisdom of the measure.

A MILLER in Peru, Ind., fell asleep in his mill and bent forward till his hair got caught in some machinery and was yanked out; and, of course, it awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was: "Burn it! wife, what's the matter now?"

THE popular prejudice against proprietary remedies has long since been conquered by the marvelous success of such a remedy as DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP. Used everywhere by everybody. Price 25c.

"FRIENDS," once said a clergyman to a number of people who had entered his church for the purpose of getting out of the rain. "I have often heard of the church being used as a cloak for one's sins, but this is the first time I ever heard of its being used as an umbrella."

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN DEBILITY FROM DRINKING.

I USED HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN TWO CASES of nervous debility from excessive drinking. Dayton, O. E. B. DAVIS, M. D.

AN INQUIRY ANSWERED.

H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York:

MY DEAR SIR: I have replied to inclosed letter from Mr. Good as follows, and perhaps you would be interested to know it:

"I have had Johns' Asbestos Paint upon the outside work of my house in exposed positions for four years, and after that time there is no chalking appearance; it does not rub off, has not worn or lost its color or brightness, and is in no need as yet of renewing. The paint is yet in good order. Some lead and oil paint on other parts of the house, no more exposed than the Asbestos Paint, has been renewed twice, and the last coat is now worse-looking than the four-year-old Asbestos Paint. The roof of my piazza, painted in stripes of red and green of Johns' paints three years ago, is still bright and fresh and in good order. HENRY STEWART, Formerly Editor *American Agriculturist*."

HUB PUNCH, a combination of rare old liquors.

ADA CAVENDISH.

MR. RIKER: HAMILTON, ONTARIO. Sir—I really must admit that your AMERICAN FACE POWDER is quite perfect, and for the future I shall use nothing else. Yours truly, ADA CAVENDISH.

"WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL MEDICINE!"

So exclaims a patient, Rev. J. S. Fesperman, of Statesville, North Carolina. Writing June 2d, 1890, he says: "In the providence of God I owe my present state of health to your Oxygen. I was near the gates of eternal life, when I commenced taking what I now consider the greatest of all healing agents, Compound Oxygen. I cannot refrain from saying, 'Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful medicine!' Physicians and friends had believed that I could not live any length of time, and I am here yet, with my large family of children, and able to walk from three to four miles every morning. I cannot speak in terms too high of your remedy." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE man who bought his son a boy's chest of tools on Christmas has a fine assortment of three-legged chairs in the house by this time.

AN agreeable dressing for the hair, that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. PARKER'S HAIR BALM, distinguished for its purity, fully supplies this want.

WOMEN are everywhere using and recommending PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back and kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex.—*Home Journal*. See adv.

NOTHING ever can give such entire satisfaction for toilet use as PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE and PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE SOAP.

NO WELL-REGULATED household should be without a bottle of ANGSTURIA BITTERS, the world-renowned appetizer and invigorator. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEBERT & SONS.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

THE thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for ROUGH ON RATS. It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs, 15c. boxes.

THE CHEMICAL CHANGES EFFECTED

In preparing Anglo-Swiss Milk-Food for children and invalids render it easy of digestion.

A YOUNGSTER'S TEETH

Demand greater attention than they usually receive. Mothers careful of their children's physical well-being, wisely adopt SOZODONT as an article of the family toilet. If the first set of a juvenile's teeth are daily polished with this matchless purifier, the second set are almost invariably white and strong, and prove a life-long blessing, otherwise they frequently turn out carious and irregular. Young and old alike benefit by its use.

A MILLER IN LUCK.

MR. I. M. DAVIS, of Morning Sun, some few miles east of Bartlett, was the holder of ticket No. 76,096, which drew the capital prize last Tuesday in the Louisiana Lottery. It is a severe shock to receive information that \$30,000 is subject to your command. Mr. Davis was arranging some of his mill machinery when he got the information of his luck, which did not unnerve him, however. He took it coolly and made use of the oft-quoted maxim: "Fool for luck," etc. Mr. Davis is fifty-two years of age; has been a citizen of the county forty-one years; has a family—wife and six children—and is a useful and honorable citizen of his neighborhood. He farms, keeps a small stock of merchandise and runs a steam gin and mill at Morning Sun. When asked if he would "grind" Saturday, he replied, "As usual." This sudden possession of so much wealth will not overcome him or turn his head, for he will be equal to the emergency. He is receiving numerous letters asking loans as high as \$5,000. Well, old fellow, we never thought when we drank buttermilk out of the same canteen, eighteen years ago with you, that such a fate awaited you. May you live long and enjoy your luck of good fortune. (Memphis Tenn.) *Avalanche*, Jan. 15th, 1892.]

BLAIR'S PILLS.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box \$1; round, 50c. At all Druggists.

"Use Bedding's Russia Salve."

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish, sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in this only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled. JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMOEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

BOKER'S BITTERS,

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL

STOMACH BITTERS,

AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.

To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John Street, New York.

ITCHING PILES.—Moisture, intense itching; most at night; sure cure. Swayne's Ointment. At Druggists. \$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

Seeds

We send our Illustrated Catalogue of "Everything for the Garden," FREE, on application.

We have advantages as Seedsmen of which we wish to tell the public. Thirty years experience as PRACTICAL MARKET GARDENERS AND FLORISTS, gives us such knowledge as to enable us to judge not only what are the best kinds for Fruit, Flower or Vegetable crops (whether for Private or Commercial Gardening), but also to thoroughly test the quality of all Seeds and Plants. Our Greenhouses and Frames in Jersey City, are the largest in America, covering upwards of four acres, solid in glass, employing an average of seventy men throughout the year.

PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

This Cut Represents a No. 1

Calfein Sewed Shoe, gaiter or lace, all sizes. We manufacture with a view to meet the wants of a large class of people who must have the best shoe for the least money. Guaranteed as to style, finish and quality. Compares favorably with any \$6 shoe. To introduce this shoe we will sell them for the low sum of \$3.50 a pair, saving \$2.50 to the consumer, the large profits of the jobber and retailer. Try a pair and be convinced. Sent by express on receipt of \$3.50. By mail, \$3.50; or C. O. D., \$3.50. F. H. WILSON, 232 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.



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CHOCOLAT MENIER.

Sold Everywhere.

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THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE. SIMPLEST, LATEST IMPROVED. MOST DURABLE & BEST. NEW HOME. BUY IT AND MAKE HOME HAPPY. IF THERE IS NO AGENT NEAR YOU WRITE DIRECT TO US. NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. 30 UNION SQUARE N.Y. CHICAGO, ILL. CINCINNATI, OH. ATLANTA, GA.

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BEST VOLUMES OF SONGS EVER PUBLISHED. 250 Pages—AT 50 CENTS—250 Pages.

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VALUABLE TRUTHS

"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for Hop Bitters will Cure you."

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why, Hop Bitters will Revive you."

"If you are a Minister, and have over-taxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work, Hop Bitters will Restore you."

"If you are a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, toiling over your midnight work, Hop Bitters will Strengthen you."

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case, Hop Bitters will Relieve you."

"If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, Hop Bitters is what you Need."

"If you are old, and your blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning, Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor."

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy and refreshing flavoring for sick-room drinks, impure water, etc., rendering them harmless, and sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach."

HOP BITTERS will give you New Life and Vigor.

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105 Elegant *New Style Chromo Cards*, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. **AMERICAN CARD CO.**, West Haven, Ct.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.
 Warranted absolutely pure
 Cocoa, from which the excess
 of oil has been removed. It is a
 delicious drink, nourishing and
 strengthening; easily digested;
 admirably adapted for invalids
 as well as persons in health.
 Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
 Dorchester, Mass.

STOCK DEPARTMENT.

We do a general commission business in all Stocks and Bonds dealt in at the New York Stock Exchange, and in other sound and marketable securities.

As we do not undertake speculative business on margin, our facilities are more especially devoted to buying and selling for investors and cash customers. We are thus enabled to give particular attention to this class of orders.

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We give special attention to orders from Banks, Bankers, Institutions and investors out of the city, by Mail or Telegraph, to buy or sell Government Bonds, State and Railroad Bonds, Bank Stocks, Railroad Stocks and other securities.

FISK & HATCH,

5 Nassau St., New York.

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ALL OUR DEPARTMENTS.

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BE the first in the field and address us for our revised, handsome terms to Canvassing Agents. This is no catch. Our goods are well advertised and sell readily. We can make money for you.

DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

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In Three Shades—White, Pink & Flesh.

GUARANTEED PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

For Sale by all Druggists, 25 cents per Box.

Sent free on receipt of price. Postage stamps taken.
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Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till Cured.
 BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops 10 sets reeds only \$30.
 Pianos \$125 up. Rare holiday inducement ready. Write or call on BEATTY, Washington, N. J.



THE ELEPHANT AND THE GOAT.

(A foregone conclusion.)

UNCLE SAM—"Now, my man, one of us two has got to go to the wall!"

STATEMENT

OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

For the Year ending December 31st, 1881.

ASSETS.....\$94,702,957.92

Annuity Account.

No.	ANN. PAY'T'S.	No.	ANN. PAY'T'S.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1881.. 52	\$20,141 81	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1882.. 58	\$21,139 81
Premium Annuities..... 6	4,492 05	Premium Annuities..... 6	4,338 20
Annuities Issued..... 58	998 00	Annuities Terminated..... 58	153 85
	\$25,631 86		\$25,631 86

Insurance Account.

No.	AMOUNT.	No.	AMOUNT.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1881.. 97,978	\$306,002,164	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1882.. 101,490	\$315,900,137
Risks Assumed..... 10,532	34,673,559	Risks Terminated..... 7,020	24,775,577
	\$340,675,714		\$340,675,714

Revenue Account.

Dr.	Cr.
To Balance from last account..... \$67,128,241 30	By paid Death Claims..... \$4,460,205 91
" Premiums received..... 12,196,624 62	" Matured Endowments..... 1,905,167 58
" Interest and Rens..... 5,051,494 74	Total claims..... \$6,365,373 49
	" Annuities..... 24,094 80
	" Dividends..... 2,947,395 85
	" Surrendered Policies and Additions..... 3,303,247 98
	Total paid Policy-holders..... \$12,640,112 12
	" Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)..... 774,032 88
	" Contingent Guarantee Acc't..... 204,564 35
	" Taxes and Assessments..... 346,709 27
	" Expenses..... 792,525 07
	" Balance to New Account..... 89,618,413 97
	\$104,376,357 66

Balance Sheet.

Dr.	Cr.
To Reserve at four per cent..... \$89,371,651 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on Real Estate..... \$47,565,849 23
" Claims by death not yet due..... 815,785 26	" United States and other Bonds..... 16,615,000 00
" Premiums paid in advance..... 79,364 78	" Loans on Collaterals..... 7,302,749 01
" Agents' Balances..... 3,773 74	" Real Estate..... 1,792,015 73
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee Fund..... 4,492,383 04	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest..... 1,223,017 64
	" Interest accrued..... 883,958 55
	" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual..... 98,337 76
	" Premiums in transit, principally for December.....
	\$94,702,957 92

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over \$12,000,000.

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1882.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

ASSETS.....\$94,702,957.92
 New York, January 18, 1882.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

FREDERICK S. WINSTON, WILLIAM BETTS, SAMUEL E. SPROULLS, SAMUEL M. CORNELL, LUCIUS ROBINSON, WILLIAM SMITH BROWN, SAMUEL D. BARCOCK, HENRY A. SMYTHE, WILLIAM E. DODGE,	GEORGE S. COE, JOHN E. DEVELIN, MARTIN BATES, SEYMOUR L. HUSTED, OLIVER H. PALMER, RICHARD A. MCCURDY, JAMES C. HOLDEN, HERMANN C. VON POST, GEORGE C. RICHARDSON,	ALEXANDER H. RICE, WILLIAM F. BARCOCK, F. RATCHFORD STARR, FREDERICK H. COSSITT, LEWIS MAY, OLIVER HARRIMAN, THOMAS DICKSON, HENRY W. SMITH, JOHN H. SHERWOOD,	GEORGE H. ANDREWS, ROBERT OLYPHANT, GEORGE F. BAKER, BENJ. B. SHERMAN, JOS. THOMPSON, DUDLEY OLCOTT, ANSON STAGER, FREDERIC CROMWELL.
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POMMEY

"SEC" CHAMPAGNE.
 HENKELL & Co., Hock Wines. JOURNU FRERES, Claret Wines.
 F. DUCHATEL-OLHAUS, "Sillery" Champagne.
 COURVOISIER & CURLIER FRERES, Brandy.
 CHARLES GRAEF, Sole Agent, 15 Beaver St., N. Y.

THE GREAT FIRE!

COULD IT NOT HAVE BEEN AVERTED?

THE WATKINS AUTOMATIC FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH HAS GIVEN SPEEDY ALARMS OF FIRE, AND SAVED HUNDREDS OF BUILDINGS AND THEIR CONTENTS FROM DESTRUCTION. UPWARDS OF FIVE HUNDRED OF OUR PRINCIPAL BUSINESS FIRMS HAVE THEIR PREMISES EQUIPPED WITH THE WATKINS APPARATUS, AND THEY NOT ONLY ENJOY SURE PROTECTION, BUT ARE SATISFIED THAT INSURANCE COMPANIES REGARD THEIR RISKS AS OF THE BEST CLASS.

NOT A BUILDING EXPOSED TO OUR LAST GREAT FIRE WAS PROVIDED WITH THE SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE AUTOMATIC FIRE-ALARM OFFERED BY THE WATKINS SIGNAL TELEGRAPH CO.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST, LET US SAY THAT ON THE EVENING OF DECEMBER 18TH FIRE BROKE OUT IN THE IMMENSE BUILDING 57 TO 63 GREEN STREET, WHICH WAS EQUIPPED THROUGHOUT WITH THE AUTOMATIC APPARATUS, WHICH INSTANTLY GAVE THE ALARM, AND WITHIN A MINUTE AND A HALF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AND INSURANCE PATROL WERE FORCING AN ENTRANCE INTO THE BUILDING; AND THE FIRE WAS EXTINGUISHED WITH BUT TRIFLING LOSS. THE OWNERS OF THE BUILDING WRITE TO THE COMPANY AS FOLLOWS:

"WE ARE PLEASED TO SAY TO YOU THAT A DISASTROUS FIRE IN OUR BUILDING WAS UNDOUBTEDLY AVERTED, ON THE 18TH INST., BY THE SIGNALING OF YOUR ALARM OF THE FIRE IN ITS INCIPIENCY. TO ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES OUR PREMISES WERE IN THEIR USUAL CONDITION WHEN THE FIREMEN DROVE UP, FORCED AN ENTRANCE, AND EXTINGUISHED THE FIRE BEFORE IT HAD TIME TO SPREAD TO OTHER FLOORS. THIS FACT IS THE STRONGEST POSSIBLE TESTIMONIAL OF THE EFFICIENCY OF YOUR 'ALARM' AND ITS VALUE IN SAVING PROPERTY."

"E. OELBERMANN & CO."

AGAIN, ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 23D A FIRE BROKE OUT ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF NO. 294 BROADWAY, IN A LOT OF FANCY CARDS AND HIGHLY COMBUSTIBLE PAPER MATERIAL.

The Automatic Telegraph

IN THE BUILDING GAVE THE ALARM ON THE BREAKING OUT OF THE FIRE, AND WITHIN TWO MINUTES THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AND INSURANCE PATROL ARRIVED; AND THE FIRE WAS PUT OUT WITH VERY SLIGHT DAMAGE TO THE STOCK, AND WITHOUT INJURY TO AN ADJOINING ROOM, SEPARATED ONLY BY A GLASS PARTITION. THE JANITOR'S CHILDREN WERE CUT OFF FROM ESCAPE BY SMOKE BEFORE THEY WERE AWARE OF THE PRESENCE OF THE FIRE, AND WERE ONLY SAVED BY THE PROMPT WORKING OF THE AUTOMATIC. MR. H. H. CAMMANN, OF NO. 4 PINE STREET, OWNER OF THE BUILDING, WROTE AS FOLLOWS:

"IN THE FIRE WHICH OCCURRED AT 294 BROADWAY, ON THE 23D INST., HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR YOUR ALARM, THE BUILDING WOULD PROBABLY HAVE BEEN ENTIRELY DESTROYED, AS, OWING TO THE INFLAMMABLE NATURE OF THE MATERIAL IN THE ROOM WHERE THE FIRE COMMENCED, IT WAS MAKING RAPID HEADWAY AND A DELAY OF A FEW MINUTES LONGER WOULD HAVE BEEN SUFFICIENT FOR IT TO HAVE GOT BEYOND CONTROL. THIS IS THE SECOND TIME IN THE SAME BUILDING THAT THE EFFICIENCY OF YOUR SYSTEM HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED."

H. H. CAMMANN."

THIS FIRE IS MADE TO ANNOUNCE ITSELF WHEN IT FIRST STARTS, AND IS EXTINGUISHED BEFORE IT GETS BEYOND CONTROL.

ARE NOT THE ABOVE FACTS WORTH THE CONSIDERATION OF BUSINESS MEN?

Print Your Own
 CARDS, LABELS, &c. PRESS \$3.
 LARGER SIZE, \$8.
 18 other sizes. For business, pleasure, old or young. Everything easy by printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cards, &c., to the factory, Kelsey & Co., MERIDEN, CONN.

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THE LANDSCAPE ROUTE OF AMERICA.

Short, direct route between New York and all points West. Double Track, Steel Rails, Pullman Cars, Westinghouse Air-brakes, Speed, Safety, Comfort.

JNO. N. ABBOTT, General Passenger Agent, NEW YORK.

A KEY THAT AND NOT
 WILL WIND ANY WATCH WEAR OUT
 SOLD by Watchmakers. By mail 30 cents. Circulars free. J. BIRCH & Co., 38 Dey St., N. Y.

HAND-BOOK of SPLENDID FLOWERS
 free by mail. 1500 varieties.
 HOOPER, BRO. & THOMAS, West Chester, Pa.
 In powdered form. Delicious, economical, convenient. 10 varieties. Rich and nourishing. Depot, 26 Warren Street, N. Y.